Connally's Ego • Official Images • Twixt Life and Art

Joseph Kraft *Paul Fussell* *Richard Gilman*

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

THE NEW REPUBLIC

November 24, 1979 Price One Dollar

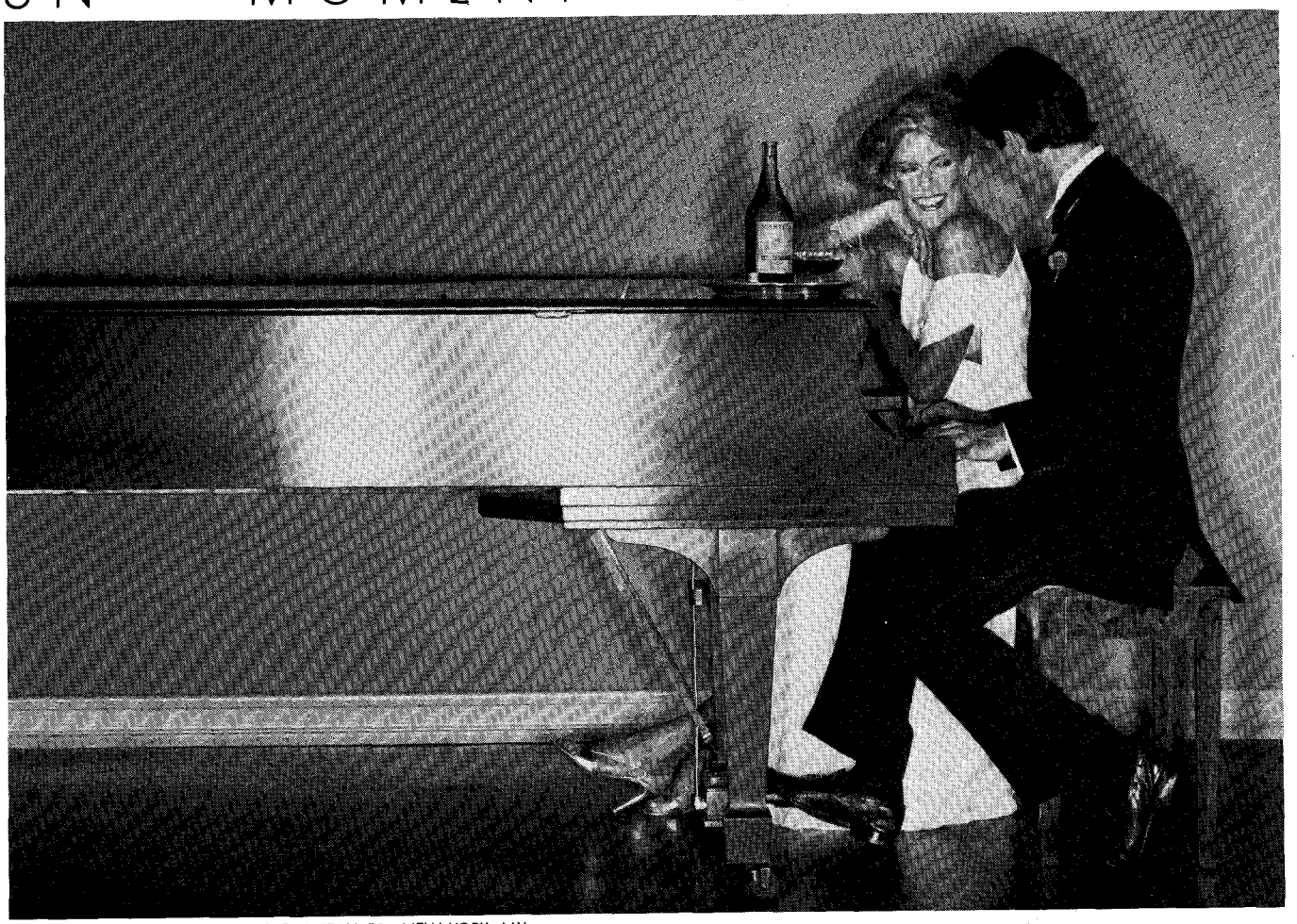
I44017RITZZZFH TNR 1079
RITTER LIB PERIODICALS
BALDWIN WALLACE COLL
BEREA, OH 44017

The Bourgeoisie's Happiest Hour

Captured (in case you missed it) by Jean-Siméon Chardin (1699-1779)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UN MOMENT DE MARTELL



80 PROOF IMPORTED BY THE JOS GARNEAU Co., NEW YORK, N.Y.

DINNER IS OVER, BUT THE NIGHT IS STILL YOUNG.

WHAT BETTER TIME TO EXPERIENCE THE WORLD'S FINEST COGNAC—MARTELL.

AFTER ALL, MARTELL COGNAC HAS HELPED MAKE EVENINGS MEMORABLE SINCE 1715.

MARTELL V.S.P., V.S.O.P., AND CORDON BLEU.

MARTELL COGNAC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington ®
November 24, 1979

Forecasts

Here are forecasts on a lot of tricky subjects as Washington zooms into one of the most turbulent periods I can remember. Let's put them down not as final judgments but as the way things look at this particular moment: politics, energy, Iran, economics, what have you.

I think Carter will get the nomination, and beat Kennedy. This contradicts most of my friends. The odds have shortened appreciably, but of course could change again at any time. I suppose Kennedy thought the Chappaquiddick issue was used up and would blow away. I think he is wrong. I say this with some regret. I think he is one of the most valuable men in the Senate. But I suggest you read James MacGregor Burns's sympathetic *Edward Kennedy and the Camelot Legacy* (Norton; 1972), a fair and careful account. Here is how James Reston of the *New York Times* characterized Kennedy's TV report to Massachusetts voters in 1969, eight days after the accident: "The statement itself was of such cheapness and bathos as to be a rejection of everything the Kennedys had stood for in candor and style." What a burden for a candidate.

I am inclined to think Carter will be defeated in the election if he is nominated. I say this hesitantly, for one must not underestimate the Republicans' death wish. I have never been able to take Ronald Reagan or John Connally seriously as presidential candidates. If either gets the nomination then Carter may win after all. They are far right on the political scale; Goldwater types; charismatic and photogenic; attractive in some ways. But the situation cries for a middle-of-the-road GOP candidate who can build up the depleted party. Only 54 percent of the electorate voted in 1976; there are millions out there waiting and ready to give responsible Republicans a try. But are they responsible? It remains to be seen.

The hardest thing for Carter to beat next year probably will be the economy. The reasonable expectation, I think, is for a recession—growing unemployment, inflation only a few points below the present intolerable 13 percent, and the full harsh consequences of Federal Reserve chairman Paul Volcker's anti-inflation austerity program. Will the public take it? Congressmen of both parties, I assume, will beat their breasts and call for "non-inflationary tax cuts" (for example, killing the automatic social security payroll tax increase which otherwise is scheduled to take an additional $12.5 billion out of workers' take-home pay, and their employers', in 1981). The recession is likely to come in summer and fall, just when it will help the opposition most. It bodes ill for any Democratic nominee.

More troubles lie ahead. America is in for a wrenching Senate battle after Thanksgiving over ratification of the SALT treaty. And after that, for the rest of our lives, we must get used to a world that is short of oil. On SALT, I would guess the Senate finally will ratify, although present polls indicate the reverse. Yet it is hard to believe that the Senate will project such an image of American irresolution and incapacity. Carter has paid a heavy price for Yes votes by boosting arms expenditures, and it would be ironic if the treaty failed. Far worse would be the blow to America's leadership. America next month asks NATO allies to deploy new tactical nuclear weapons that can hit Russia. They will probably go along reluctantly, encouraged by the thought of the pending treaty, and of further US-Soviet negotiations after that to reduce the nuclear threat. West German chancellor Schmidt recently told what SALT rejection would mean: "How could you in the future depend on a policy carried out by an American president? It would be a disastrous blow to the necessary leadership. . . ." Thirty-three senators have veto power over the treaty.

Finally, let's come to the continuing problem of energy, with Iran involved on the way. In the short term, I think, Iran has helped Carter a good deal. He has kept his head when others were losing theirs and blaming it on him. It is a bizarre kind of fanatical kidnapping engineered by a failing Khomeini regime with its followers apparently having an exhilarating time assailing the United States. Carter's lack of flamboyance makes us forget, sometimes, how valuable it is to have a quiet man at the head of things. The ayatollah is outrageous but if he were gone there would be nobody to negotiate with over the prisoners' release. (Let us pray that some patriotic American crazy doesn't shoot one of the infuriating Iranian students; it would start a bloodbath.)

Carter has come up with a wonderful gimmick. Three presidents for six years have tried to persuade Americans to conserve petroleum, that the oil scarcity has come to stay. Yet a recent *New York Times* poll reported that half the people still don't believe there is a shortage. Carter cut off Iranian oil and linked conservation to fury against the ayatollah. You're angry at Carter for not bombing Iran?—All right then, do something about it! Take the bus to work tomorrow and save gasoline! Show your colors; make a sacrifice. If everybody drives a mile and a half less every day, we'll never miss that Iranian oil!

By whatever logic, America is going to have to conserve oil and change lifestyles almost instantly. That's the most formidable problem of all. No immediate synthetic fuel is going to take up the slack. Politics won't help much. We are being dragged into a new world. Look at prices. We complain that gasoline costs one dollar a gallon; $20 to fill a tank. But gasoline costs $1.95 in West Germany; $2.49 in Japan; $2.90 in France. The government keeps it cheap here; Kennedy approves, Carter disapproves. The US has 41 percent of the world's cars and they burn 100 billion gallons annually. The US car weighs close to two tons, about 1000 pounds more than a typical European and Japanese car. This is going to change; is changing while you watch. We will pay less for highways, more for railroads; reinvent the car, and our lifestyle. Says a handy little book from Worldwatch Institute (*Running On Empty*, Norton; $7.95), it would be prudent if you are buying a new car to expect two-dollar gasoline in a few years and three-dollar gasoline during its lifetime.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a matter of SURVIVAL

Severe malnutrition and epidemic disease threaten the life of this Cambodian child, one of an estimated three million people in Cambodia whose survival is in serious jeopardy.

As it has in so many past emergencies, UNICEF, the United Nations Children's Fund, is responding to this tragedy. Designated the UN "lead agency" for Cambodian relief, UNICEF has mounted a massive relief program jointly with the International Committee of the Red Cross (ICRC) to bring food, medicine and other urgently needed relief supplies to the Cambodian people.

In the first six months of the emergency program alone, $110 million is needed—just to begin feeding and treating a sick and suffering population. President Carter has pledged U.S. Government support for the UNICEF/ICRC relief operation and has urged the American public to contribute generously to help save the Cambodian people.

Right now, food, medicines, health equipment, and other relief materials are reaching the people of Cambodia and Cambodian refugees in Thailand. A team of UNICEF and Red Cross officials is coordinating the distribution of supplies through air, sea, river, and land transport.

Life today for three million Cambodian men, women—and especially children—is a matter of survival. Please help by giving generously to:

UNICEF
Cambodian Relief
331 East 38th Street,
New York, N.Y. 10016
(212) 686-5522

Contents

TRB from Washington	3	Forecasts
Comment	5	Iowa Brownout
		From the Horse's Mouth
John Osborne	6	White House Watch: Cooling It
	7	Correspondence
Stephen Chapman	10	Quota Unquota
Michael Kinsley	12	Yes, We Have No Bananas
David Kusnet	15	Black Depression
Michael Reisman	17	Fidel's Little Helpers
Joseph Kraft	18	The Politics of Vanity
		Books and the Arts
Stanley Kauffmann	24	Films: Something Less Than Masterly
Leon Wieseltier	25	Art: Chardin
Paul Fussell	27	*The American Image* introduction by Alan Trachtenberg
Richard Gilman	30	*Just Above My Head* by James Baldwin
Charles H. Fairbanks Jr.	31	*The Nuclear Question* by Michael Mandelbaum
Richard Hugo	32	Poem: "Langaig"
Donald Hall	34	*In Broken Country* by David Wagoner
Peter Sterling	37	*Brain Surgeon* by Lawrence Shainberg
		The Brain by Richard M. Restak, M.D.
		Brief Review:
Julia Klein	40	*Five for Sorrow, Ten for Joy* by Rumer Godden
Washington Diarist	43	Civilization

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 181, No. 20, Issue 3385, November 24, 1979. Published weekly (except the issues of July 14, July 28, August 11, September 8) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street NW, Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, $1.00; Yearly subscriptions, $24; foreign, $27; students, $17.

Copyright 1979 by The New Republic, Inc.

(ISSN 0028-6593). Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 705, Whitinsville, Mass. 01588. Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Cover: "The Attentive Nurse" (also called "Meal for a Convalescent") by Jean-Siméon Chardin (1699-1779). National Gallery of Art, Samuel H. Kress Collection. Article on page 25.

Staff

Editor-in-Chief and Publisher—*Martin Peretz*
Editor—*Michael Kinsley*
Literary Editor—*Jack Beatty*
Executive Editor—*Morton M. Kondracke*
Senior Editor—*John Osborne*
Staff Writer—*Stephen Chapman*
Assistant to the Editors—*Gwen Somers*
Films—*Stanley Kauffmann*
Theater—*Robert Brustein*
Poetry Editor—*Robert Pinsky*
Production Manager—*Dorothy Wickenden*
Assistant Literary Editor—*Ann Hulbert*
Production Assistant—*Lisa Derman*
Contributing Editors—*Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Paul Fussell, Joseph Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Joyce Carol Oates, Paul Robinson, Tad Szulc, Michael Walzer, Leon Wieseltier*
Staff Photographer—*Jeff Vinson*
Intern—*Rene Becker*

General Manager and Associate Publisher—*Robert A. Cohen*
Assistant Publisher—*Bart Rubenstein*
Circulation Manager—*Elizabeth Scanlan O'Brien*
Assistant Circulation Manager—*Dara Buckner*
Business Manager—*Rhonda Davis Schoem*
Assistant Business Manager—*J. Kristine Klasman*
Rights and Permissions—*Yvonne Anthony*
Advertising Representative—*Bonnie Perkel, 50 East 42nd St., Room 513, New York, NY 10016 (212) 599-3070*
Advertising Manager—*Joan M. Stapleton*
Leadership Network Advertising—*Robert F. Sennott Jr., New York (212) 682-4500*
Receptionist—*Ruby McGowan*
Staff Associate—*Theresa Miller, David Seideman*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC

November 24, 1979

Iowa Brownout

The *Des Moines Register* is throwing a party and Jerry Brown's not invited. So come January Brown will have to stand out in the cold while President Carter and Senator Edward Kennedy square off under the warmth of television camera lights in the *Register*'s presidential candidates debate. Brown would like to bask in the warmth too. But the *Register*'s editors say no.

The editors have invited only those presidential candidates who, they said, are "genuinely competing" for votes in the Iowa caucuses. Kennedy, who has called Iowa his big test, and Carter, who was there first, have a great deal of money and people invested in Iowa: that's why they were invited. Brown doesn't even have a campaign office in the state. "He is a presidential candidate but he is not a candidate in Iowa," the *Register*'s editorial page editor, Gil Cranberg, said. On that basis, Brown was not included in the debate.

Brown isn't very happy about the exclusion. On NBC's "Meet The Press," he said it was "an outrage." He forlornly dubbed the exclusion a "gag rule" and said it was "totally inconsistent with freedom of the press."

James Gannon, the *Register*'s executive editor and the person who conceived the debate, said that Brown has made no attempt to get Iowa votes. He also feels that Brown has snubbed his paper. Gannon recalled that Cranberg tried repeatedly without success last August to arrange a telephone interview with the California governor. The transcript of the interview was to be published on the newspaper's editorial page. But, according to Cranberg, all they got from Brown was "the run-around."

Gannon said that now there is a chance for national publicity, Brown suddenly is interested. But as far as the *Register*'s editors are concerned, it's too late for that. "Brown can't have it both ways," Gannon said. What he means is that Brown can't ignore the *Register* and then expect an invitation to the party.

Gannon insists that his newpaper's motive in excluding Brown is not that of the jilted damsel. He said the debate was conceived for the benefit of Iowans and was not intended to be a nationally televised event. "My first responsibility is to the people of [Iowa]," Gannon said. "I'm not responsible to Brown."

The *Register* claims to be responsible first to Iowa. But what service is it to Iowans to prevent them from hearing Brown? The *Register* didn't ask the people of Iowa whether they wanted to see how Brown stacks up against Carter and Kennedy. It decided that because Brown didn't seem interested, Iowans shouldn't see Brown debate his opponents face to face.

The disservice is not restricted to Iowa. The *Register* said the debate was not proposed with the idea that it would be a nationally televised event and is proceeding on that basis. Whether the debate was intended strictly for Iowans makes no difference. If the president is debating his political opponents for reelection, it's a safe bet the event will be covered live and in color by the networks and broadcast coast to coast. In a national

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

context, the *Register*'s reason for excluding Brown seems even more obtuse. The *Register* doesn't think anyone in the country should see Carter, Kennedy, and Brown debate because Brown has ignored Iowa?

Because the *Register* is a private institution, it can invite whomever it wishes to debate. That is the law, but an institution of the *Register*'s character might be expected to aspire to a higher standard of fairness. A debate like this instantly becomes the kind of national event that makes or breaks candidates. If the *Register* excludes Brown from this debate, it is virtually saying he is not a viable candidate. That is something the voters should decide, not a newspaper.

From the Horse's Mouth

On November 1, three days before the takeover of the US embassy in Tehran, the following message from the Ayatollah Khomeini was broadcast over Iranian radio:

In the name of God, the merciful, the compassionate. Four November is the anniversary of the day when the hated regime attacked the University of Tehran and massacred our dear students.

The regime, opposed to all manifestations of civilization and progress in the country, one day attacked the Feyziyeh theological school [in Qom] and other Islamic schools throughout Iran, and another day it attacked Tehran University and colleges and universities throughout Iran, the centers of knowledge and scholars.

Now, with the anniversary of the attack on the university, it is necessary for all the great spiritual figures of Qom, Tehran, and other towns near Tehran to take part in a ceremony to be held at Tehran University to bring the two thinking minds closer together. As for the spiritual figures in other cities, they should also take part in similar ceremonies held in other universities to mark the day and, thus, by their presence, foil the divisive plots aimed at these two gigantic forces. These spiritual figures should join pupils, students, and professors in order to achieve this goal. Our enemies use every opportunity, especially on this day, to hatch all sorts of plots. They are determined to use any pretext to disturb our people's peace. It is, therefore, up to the dear pupils, students, and theological students to expand with all their might their attacks against the United States and Israel, so they may force the United States to return the deposed and criminal shah, and to condemn this great plot. It is also up to our dear university students and university staff and theological students to maintain their unity with everything in their power and support these two fronts with all their might. God bless you all.

[Signed] Ruhollah Mosavi Khomeini.

White House Watch

Cooling It

This is an account of how the Carter administration wanted to appear to deal with the problems created on Sunday, November 4, by the seizure of the US embassy in Tehran. Some 500 Iranians who billed themselves and were generally identified in the world media as students seized the embassy with remarkable ease in a remarkably orderly fashion and, at this writing on November 14, held captive 62 Americans and an unstated number of non-American employees. Many of the non-Americans, originally about 40, had been released. Normally the details of how the administration or, if one prefers, the US government actually dealt with the problems would be known. But not this time, at this writing. Because the unattributable talking and leaking that usually clarify such events could have endangered lives and further muddled a muddled American problem, the clamp of silence on all officials except authorized spokesmen was the most effective that this reporter has observed and experienced. For the first time in a long life in journalism, this reporter didn't seriously fight the clamp and try to get officials who shouldn't be talking to talk. The principal authorized spokesmen were Press Secretary Jody Powell at the White House and Hodding Carter III at the State Department. Here is a summary of how they handled the matter.

As good a time and place as any to start is 2 p.m. Saturday, November 10, in Powell's office in the West Wing of the White House, a few steps from the President's Oval Office. Carter had canceled a visit to Canada late on Thursday afternoon, had met at the White House with families of some of the embassy hostages, and with them had begged Americans everywhere to contain their outrage and do nothing that might anger the Iranian captors in Tehran and endanger the lives of their American captives. Powell recently has preferred to meet with reporters in his office rather than in the larger and more formal press briefing room, where he is more likely to be exposed to the exhibitionist naggers whom we of the press corps call our "crazies." Now he was in his favorite posture—lounging in the swivel chair behind his desk, feet up on the front edge of the chair, grinning at the 22 reporters who sat, stood, and crouched around him. After an obscure reference to the dangers of being "out there" among pre-Thanksgiving turkey hunters, he smiled at me and said, "Sorry, John"—a reference to cracks I'd taken in print at his hunter's pleasure in "shooting defenseless animals." Then he got down to what little business there was. Paraphrasing Powell:

Various discussions about the Tehran embassy problem were under way with various people and governments. He wasn't going to get into detail about where and with whom the discussions were occurring.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Pressler interview

To the editors:

Recently I had the privilege of being interviewed very briefly by Stephen Chapman of *The New Republic*. The subsequent story resulting from this interview ("Baby Face," *TNR*, October 20), contained many things that I was not asked about. I found it unusual that I was not confronted with or asked about rather negative things which Chapman chose to include in his article.

Chapman and I talked for approximately 10 minutes. I offered to answer any further questions or continue the interview at a later time. Chapman neither asked further questions, nor did he contact my office for an additional interview. During the 10 minutes we talked he never discussed some of the points he chose to include in his article.

As a specific example, I was not asked about the so-called "cropped picture" of Senator McGovern. Indeed, just the opposite of the conclusion drawn by Chapman is true. My office was instrumental in arranging the meeting with the pope; I was delayed in my European travel plans because I had to remain in Washington for Budget Committee meetings; and much of the publicity generated in South Dakota as a result of the trip came from Senator McGovern's office—which is fine with me.

At no time was I asked about my political philosophy, or about my legislative record. I was not asked about the so-called "abortion letter" or some of the other negative and inaccurate matters which appeared in the article. Since I made myself available to be interviewed, I am puzzled, at the very least, by the article, which is largely based on hearsay and lifted phrases from previous articles.

In any event, the readers of *The New Republic* should know that I was not given an opportunity to respond or comment on the negative points in the article. I would welcome an in-depth interview in the future.

Larry Pressler
United States Senator
Washington, DC

Stephen Chapman replies:

Senator Pressler complains that I didn't check several allegations with him but doesn't trouble himself to refute them. The brevity of our interview was his fault, not mine: his office promised me 45 minutes to an hour, but after keeping me waiting for 45 minutes, the Senator gave me only 10 minutes—which understandably limited the scope of my interview. I had no reason to expect that additional efforts to talk with him would be much more successful, and in any case feel no obligation as a journalist to give a politician an advance opportunity to respond to every criticism I might make.

Furtively blundering

To the editors:

Edward Luttwak in his "An Exchange on 'Sideshow'" (*TNR*, November 3) seemingly misunderstands why most Americans objected to the Vietnam War. His "sinister foes [North Vietnamese] made benevolent" ignores our government's monumental misperception of the Sino-Soviet relationship as a conspirational communist partnership choosing Vietnam to test us. So, furtively blundering into Vietnam without knowing who our adversaries *were*, we overdetermined an unresolvable, demoralizing conflict, Vietnam's nature becoming a side issue.

Leonard M. Lasser, MD
Windsor, Connecticut

Solar technology

To the editors:

In an apparent fit of future shock, Stephen Chapman labeled the proposed Satellite Solar Power Station (SSPS) a "boondoggle" ("Sunlight and Moonshine," *TNR*, October 27). Our nation cannot afford to dismiss lightly any new energy-producing technologies, especially one with the tremendous potential of SSPS. In orbit 22,300 miles above the earth, an SSPS would be illuminated constantly by the sun, supplying electricity 24 hours a day in any weather. Several research studies estimate that the cost of power would be competitive with nuclear. Dumping nearly all of its waste heat in outer space, it may be more environmentally benign than any existing power plant. Most important of all, a large commitment to build SSPS by public and/or private funding could end inflation by increasing American innovation and productivity, reasserting our technological superiority, and ending the foreign oil trade deficit. Funding for the NASA/DOE feasibility study of SSPS may prove to be an extremely valuable investment. The arbitrary condemnation of promising new technology is the same set of mind that caused the castigation of early astronomers for heresy.

Gale M. Smith
Auberry, California

To the editors:

The word "solar" is an adjective, not a noun. Even after reading Stephen Chapman's "Sunlight and Moonshine," in which it was used as a noun 27 times, I maintain that it is still not a noun. Please don't do to "solar" what so many have done to "nuclear."

Keith Krehbiel
Rochester, New York

To the editors:

In recent years the world "solar" has acquired a nebulous mystique unsupported by scientific, technological, and economic reality. Based largely on pie-in-the-sky promotions underwritten increasingly by federal funding, this has further deluded the public concerning the near-future value of applied solar energy.

Experience permits me to add that the only new element in this sorry scene is the funneling of more and more public money into dubious solar-energy adventures. Chapman correctly emphasizes this expensive trend.

Morgan Moore
Sandpoint, Idaho

A cause not lost

To the editors:

In his otherwise admirable review (*TNR*, October 27) of Gilbert A. Harrison's *A Timeless Affair: The Life of Anita McCormick Blaine*, W. A. Swanberg writes of this rich, generous, eccentric lady: "To a foundation favoring a world government she gave a whole million, which disappeared without a trace." That is not quite the way it was.

Apart from other activities and disbursements, the intentionally short-lived Foundation for World Government, funded by Anita and headed by Stringfellow Barr, awarded me a small grant for travel and research. While on

(continued on page 41)

Correction:
Stanley Hoffmann's name was misspelled in the "Exchange on 'Sideshow'" (*TNR*, November 3). The editors regret the error.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The President was pleased by the growing international support of the US position and particularly by the UN Security Council's unanimous demand that the Iranians get out of the Tehran embassy and release the hostages. Four diplomats who'd been allowed to walk among but not talk with the captives had not seen any signs of physical mistreatment. The people they saw were not blindfolded, as captives previously shown in news pictures had been. Here Powell got to his central point: at the President's request, he wished to emphasize once again the President's and the hostage families' plea that Americans at home "do nothing and say nothing that would further endanger the Americans in Tehran." Carter and the relatives who had visited him suggested that Americans who wanted to express their outrage do so by turning on their automobile lights and praying. Powell confirmed that he'd asked the bureau chiefs of the three major networks to visit him that afternoon and that he intended to argue with them for restraint in television coverage of American protest scenes that might be seen in Iran. A reporter asked, was this request a result of TV showing an American in Los Angeles knocking down an Iranian demonstrator and kicking him in the balls? Powell answered, draw your own conclusions. We did.

The Carter-US stand that the deposed and exiled shah, who then was in a New York hospital for treatment of multiple cancers and related ailments, would not be surrendered to Iran's Islamic masters—by then it was impossible to say government—for punishment of his many undenied savageries and repressions was so well known that it arose at the Powell briefing only in reference to a news report from Tehran. The report was that 33 of the embassy captives had signed a petition, so awkwardly worded that it could hardly have been written by a literate American, that the shah be surrendered and their release thereby be obtained. If such a document exists and is authentic, Powell said, it must have been written and signed under duress and therefore "can have absolutely no effect on the actions of the government of the United States." According to a papal representative who visited the captives later and asked about it, the document existed and had been voluntarily signed.

Powell got and welcomed two breaks near the end of the session. A reporter mentioned Senator Edward M. Kennedy's complaint the previous day that Carter's passivity had made it impossible to get a revision of the US criminal code out of the Senate Judiciary Committee, which Kennedy heads. Kennedy and Carter advocate the revision, which was first proposed in somewhat different form by Nixon. Powell said with smirky joy: "It's amusing to me that a chairman of a committee blames the President for his inability to get legislation out of his own committee." Another reporter asked how the President was reacting personally to the Tehran problem. With equally evident amusement, Powell answered: "I really don't know if a personal assessment of the President's feelings would be helpful in this situation." This, interpreted, meant that Carter was reacting in language that if publicized would be inappropriate to a born-again Baptist.

Now to Hodding Carter (no relation, it must always be said) at the State Department. This Carter is besieged by department "regulars" who fancy themselves better diplomats than the diplomats. At critical times such as the period in discussion, he also is besieged by kooks of many nationalities and descriptions. Normally the department briefings are not filmed. Seven TV cameras were beamed at Carter during the Iranian affair. "He never says anything," one of the cameramen explained, "but we are here." One noon a black technician mounted the briefer's podium and held up what he described in horrified tones as an extremely dirty handkerchief so his brethren and sisters at the cameras could get "a white balance," whatever that is. H. Carter, a white Mississippian, then appeared. His briefings November 12 and 13 are summarized here.

drawing by Mike Peters

Again and again he said that the central question, the *only* question, is the illegal seizure of the embassy and its employees and their release. Always he said, "the hostages." News reports that the whole effort is "at a dead end" and "a failure" are "simply not true." Many efforts are not publicized. Some are publicized, but only by those engaged and never by the US. Carter presumably had in mind the PLO's abortive effort to in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILL DENVER GO DRY?

DENVER, Colo.—With all the snow and rivers in Colorado, many residents did not fully recognize the state's developing water problem.

While the population and economy have grown, the water supply has not. And much of the limited water supply flows out of state untouched because of water rights laws protecting states downstream.

Mardee McKinlay of KBTV in Denver went to work to develop greater public awareness of the situation.

KBTV is a former Combined Communications television station that is now part of the Gannett Broadcast Group.

McKinlay produced several in-depth documentaries explaining the complexity of the problem. In one, "We Had Best Care," a leading geographer told of the long-term effects on the land. McKinlay also interviewed cattlemen and farmers to explain the impact on people.

A follow-up documentary, "Western Slope Pressure Cooker," reported how coal and oil shale development could put additional demands on the water supply.

These documentaries, along with supporting news reports and editorials by Station KBTV, alerted the people of Colorado. Water conservation efforts were improved and a lively debate over water and land management continues.

At Gannett, we support and encourage such efforts as those of Mardee McKinlay and Station KBTV. They symbolize what we're most proud of: professional excellence in news coverage and a total commitment to strong, independent service to the community.

At Gannett, we have a commitment to freedom in every business we're in, whether it's newspaper, television, radio, outdoor advertising or public opinion research.

And so from Lansing to Louisville, from St. Thomas to San Diego, every Gannett newspaper, every television and radio station is free to express its own opinions. Each is free to serve the best interests of its own communities in its own way.

Gannett

A World Of Different Voices Where Freedom Speaks

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tervene on the American captives' behalf and the offer of Muhammad Ali, the black Muslim and boxer, to mediate or, if invited, substitute himself for the captives. Carter said of the former shah: "We do not consider that he has any claim to authority in Iran." When he was asked about rumors, very soon confirmed, that the US was about to suspend the purchase of Iranian oil and ask fellow members of the International Energy Agency to join in or at least not obstruct the boycott, he mysteriously answered: "I am reminded of the Florida politician who beat his opponent by going around the state saying he [the opponent] was a heterosexual." We laughed and didn't ask what that had to do with what.

Two reputable reporters got Carter, who in happier days was a distinguished Mississippi editor and the son of an even more distinguished Mississippi editor, deeper into the touchy question of media behavior in such a situation than Jody Powell had got himself into when he summoned the network bureau chiefs to the White House.

Reporter One: Is this an act of war, to seize our embassy and the people in it?

Carter: The assumption is that these people took action on their own. For me to really deal with that question at all, I think, would be irresponsible.

Reporter Two: We are trying to establish the link between these people [the embassy invaders] and what you call "authorities in Iran."

Carter: What I was trying to do, without blowing up at either one of you, was to suggest that this is a stupid line of questioning because it is a good way for me to be declaring some kind of act of war from this podium, which I assume is what you want, but I am not going to do it.

Reporter Two: I reject that.

Carter: That is wonderful. Reject it. I think some of the questions are irresponsible and unprofessional.

When Carter was asked on the 12th whether the US government was sure that the Iranian captors were genuine students, he answered: "We are still not sure about the identities of some of them." On the 13th, after he had disclosed for the first time that department officials in Washington had been in telephone communication with some of the captors at the Tehran embassy, reporters noticed that Carter repeatedly referred to them as "students" without qualification. When he was asked about that, he answered: "I am still putting quotation marks around the word 'students.'"

Coming Next Week:

Middle-Class Death Throes.

Persons who may be identified only as "high administration officials" said with utter confidence that President Carter's successive orders to review the visas of Iranian students in the US, suspend the US purchase of Iranian oil, and freeze the Iranian government's (not the shah's) assets in the US would not cause retaliation against the American captives at the Tehran embassy. It's a fair assumption that the embassy captors had been forewarned by telephone or through the Iranian foreign office before these actions were announced.

John Osborne

Carter fights cheap foreign oil.

Quota Unquota

The most stirring moment of President Carter's July 15 energy address came when he looked his national television audience straight in the eye, pounded his fist on the desk in front of him, and vowed sternly, "Beginning this moment, this nation will never use more foreign oil than we did in 1977—never." To meet this goal Carter announced the next day that he would invoke an import quota of 8.2 million barrels a day, actually well below the 1977 level. But the tough talk was a substitute for tough action. The import quota provided only the illusion of sacrifice, since there was no chance that 1979 imports would broach the limit, and only the slightest possibility that imports next year would do so.

Even this timid phantom was enough to scare the wits out of the Senate, though. Apparently fearing even the illusion of sacrifice, it voted overwhelmingly to stipulate that an oil import quota could be vetoed by a vote of both houses. The president has had the power to impose import quotas at his whim since 1962. In fact the US maintained strict quotas on oil imports from 1959 until 1973, to protect the domestic oil industry from cheap foreign crude. But only now did senators get nervous about vesting all that power in the White House. Certainly Congress should be responsible for ratifying such decisions; what is depressing is that a mistaken fear of real action could spur Congress to such sudden action when six years of energy "crisis" have achieved only paralysis.

By setting the quota so high, Carter rendered it meaningless and hence harmless. But even if the limit had been set low enough actually to force a cut in imports, it wouldn't make much sense. One cannot simply decree that Americans can import only so much oil and be done with it. The question still remains of who is going to use less oil, and how they shall be induced to do so. That of course is precisely the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

question Carter tried to avoid by grandly decreeing his quota, since answering it would mean offending some segments of the electorate.

The most obvious way to reduce our oil imports is to scrap the price controls on gasoline and domestic crude oil. Besides encouraging consumption and discouraging domestic production, the controls also actually subsidize imported oil through the entitlements system. But the entitlements, which are supposed to equalize the cost of oil among the nation's refiners, are necessary as long as there are price controls on part of the oil supply. Those refiners with cheap domestic oil are required to make payments to compensate those refiners that rely on expensive foreign oil. Unfortunately the entitlements also effectively lower the cost to refiners of imported oil by nearly four dollars a barrel, thus raising imports above what they otherwise would be. Equalizing costs among refiners by simply lifting domestic price controls, by contrast, would discourage imports. (In theory, some of the windfall profits could be taxed away without undermining the beneficial effects of decontrol, but President Carter's proposed windfall profits tax is worse than nothing.) This measure alone would cut imports by at least half a million barrels a day. But Carter so far has refused to lift controls on gasoline, and his phased decontrol of domestic crude oil prices won't be completed until 1981. Thus his import quota, if it had any bite, would be an attempt to stop Americans from doing what other government policies actually encourage them to do.

The administration is considering three ways to decide who will use less if its quota actually starts to bite. One is to allocate the right to import oil according to some arbitrary formula. This would create shortages since supply would be reduced without any corresponding reduction in demand, much as the gasoline allocation system helped cause the gas lines last summer. Another possibility is to auction off the right to import oil. This would raise the price to the consumer, since oil firms would bid up the price to the point where supply and demand are in balance. It would also encourage OPEC to raise its prices to that same level, since doing so would not produce any decrease in sales. And a third possibility is to place a flat tariff of a few dollars on each barrel of imported oil. This would be the simplest and most efficient method, since it would be handled just like an increase in the world price. All three methods still are being considered by the administration.

Either of these last two methods would be better than an allocation scheme, but they would succeed in reducing oil imports only by raising the price. The administration could accomplish the same thing by letting domestic prices rise to the world level, which decontrol by itself would accomplish. But decontrol coupled with a tight import quota would cause domestic prices to rise *above* the world level, forcing US consumers to pay *more* and allowing domestic producers to charge more than OPEC charges. (This is exactly the situation that prevailed under the old import quota before 1973). The beneficial effect such a ham-handed reduction in oil imports would have on our balance of trade would be at least partly offset by the incentive industries with substantial energy requirements would then have to locate outside the US, where oil would be cheaper. In effect we would end up importing oil in the form of semi-manufactured and finished goods.

But noting all the flaws in Carter's proposed quota leaves unanswered a fundamental question: is it in our interest to reduce oil imports artificially? Not necessarily. Obviously it makes no sense positively to encourage imports through domestic price controls and the entitlements subsidy, but that doesn't mean it's a good idea to take further steps to prevent Americans from buying oil from foreign producers at an unsubsidized price. One argument for cutting imports is that it will make us less vulnerable to supply disruptions. But the pain caused by an unexpected reduction in world supplies (such as that caused by the Iranian revolution) will not be appreciably less if we are importing only eight million barrels per day instead of nine. (Carter's import quota will actually make us *more* vulnerable to supply disruption. Any purchases for the Strategic Petroleum Reserve will count against the overall limit, which will discourage the government from adding to the reserve.)

The other argument is that a reduction in our demand for imported oil would weaken OPEC's control over the world price. This is more plausible but far from certain. The US has limited leverage over total world demand for oil, since our imports account for only about 13 percent of all the oil sold in world trade. Cutting our imports by a fourth (to about six million barrels per day) would free less than four percent of the oil traded in the world, which is probably not enough to make a difference in OPEC's pricing policies. If all the Western industrialized nations somehow could agree to reduce their imports, they might have enough leverage to moderate prices, but that prospect seems dim. One obstacle is that OPEC, as an effective monopolist, can keep prices high by cutting production to meet any cut in demand. Unfortunately, it is easier for the oil-producing nations to produce less than for us to consume less. At least one expert, Morris Adelman of MIT, says that OPEC nations may actually raise prices more if we reduce our imports, in order to keep their total revenues up. Adelman blames this year's price increases not on excessive Western consumption but on OPEC's "over-reaction to conservation and low demand."

Stripped of these rationales, Carter's import quota is nothing more than an artificial trade barrier designed to keep out imports. One constant lesson of economic history is that nations gain nothing by trying to discourage imports by insulating their citizens from the normal temptations of world trade. The protectionist wars of the 1920s helped to bring on the Depression. As

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

recently as 1973, the US was trying to protect itself from imports of cheap foreign oil—a policy whose absurdity is obvious today. That policy was replaced by one just as mistaken: subsidizing expensive foreign oil and discouraging production of domestic crude. Now Carter wants to revert to the old policy of shutting out imports, which he probably will do by raising the domestic cost of foreign oil to above what OPEC is charging. Until we come up with a surefire way of breaking OPEC, we would be better off paying their price—which so far is still cheaper than doing without it. OPEC has caused us enough hardship without our own government adding to it.

Stephen Chapman

The politics of [ ].

Yes, We Have No Bananas

A few relatives may have noticed the absence of my name from this journal's masthead for a couple of weeks recently, but probably only I noticed the decline in editorial quality: unintended rhymes in the book reviews; misspellings of words like "antideluvian"; subtle anti-Zionism of the sort that can creep into even the most seemingly unrelated article without constant editorial vigilance. My departure was caused by one of those disputes people assure me are endemic to small magazines: my employer killed an article I felt very strongly attached to. This action, which he saw as an assertion of principle, I saw as a bad case of the stuffies. So I quit, which I saw as an assertion of principle and most people around me saw as a misunderstanding about the nature of capitalism. Upon reflection, I have come around to their point of view, and it does feel good—deflating, but remunerative.

The article in question, by Suzannah Lessard, will appear in the December issue of the *Washington Monthly*. Interested readers can study it there and can decide for themselves whether it violates responsible standards of taste or ethics. Thrill seekers will be disappointed. It is my experience that readers like to express their strong feelings about the content of magazines by canceling their subscriptions. Some do so several times a year. We editors are resigned to such childish gestures. Correspondents to this journal merely are asked, in fairness, to indicate whether they are upset because the article was censored, or because the perpetrator was reemployed.

I would have liked to resign over the cancellation of an article urging compassion for the boat people, but such was not my good fortune. Instead, the dispute arose over a less ennobling subject. The article was a feminist argument that a certain matter should be of serious political concern to women. The particular example was the presidential candidacy of Senator Kennedy. The editor-in-chief and publisher of this journal, as I understand his position, did not necessarily disagree with the author's argument. The problem arose from her forthright definition of the matter she was concerned about. It is difficult to discuss the issues raised in our little dispute (as the editor-in-chief says I may) without committing the same transgression. Alfred Kahn, President Carter's court jester for inflation, faced a similar dilemma last winter when he was reprimanded for publicly using the word "recession." He solved the problem by substituting the word "banana."

The editor-in-chief's scruples about discussing the banana of public figures are widely shared in the world of journalism, but the convention is a complex one. It is permissible, for example, to write (as the *New York Times* did the day Kennedy announced for president): "The scene, as played out today, will not dispel all the gossip and speculation about the Senator's private life. . . ." Similarly, responsible journals of opinion may comment: "Finally, among those who are dissatisfied with Kennedy's past record are some feminist leaders, whose unhappiness arises not from Kennedy's position on the issues, but from uneasiness about his personal life. . ." (*The New Republic*, November 10). "Personal life"? "Private life"? I suspect these writers are not talking about the time Kennedy spends with his wife, his children, or his widowed mother. What could they be referring to if not to banana? The reference is permissible, though, because it is encoded; and because it refers only to "gossip and speculation about" and "uneasiness about" rather than to the banana itself, thereby avoiding any direct suggestion that the writer believes the banana exists.

A second important subtlety in the banana convention is that what is impermissible in an article about the banana itself may be perfectly acceptable in an article about the controversy about the banana. *The New Republic* has performed a great service to other publications in this regard by creating such a controversy and thus liberating them to report and comment on banana-related matters. The *Washington Post*, for example, was offered the original article about Kennedy's banana after *The New Republic* turned it down. But the *Post* also declined to publish the article, on the grounds that its serious political arguments were based on assumptions that violate the convention. Nevertheless, the *Post* was happy to run several paragraphs containing the article's raciest passages (not very racy, I'm afraid) in its gossip column, in a story about the fuss over at *The New Republic*. (This was followed by an item bringing us up to date on the relationship between Arnold Schwarzenegger, the body-builder, and Maria Shriver, the Kennedy niece. They are "still seeing.")

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Getting into Harvard has never been easier.

A semester's worth of fine paperbacks.

Right and Wrong
Charles Fried
"On all great subjects much remains to be said," wrote John Stuart Mill. Charles Fried of the Harvard Law School has made an eloquent contribution to the literature of ethics. $4.95

Harvard Guide to American History
Frank Freidel, Editor, with the assistance of Richard K. Showman
The *Harvard Guide* is standard equipment for everyone interested in American history. True, your *Guide* will quickly become dog-eared, but isn't that the hallmark of every great reference book? Belknap One volume $12.50

Chinese Communism and the Rise of Mao
Benjamin I. Schwartz
Schwartz has drawn on basic Chinese, Japanese, and Russian sources to write this skillful and intriguing history of the Chinese Communist Party and its leader Mao Tse-tung. $3.95

The Mussel Cookbook
Sarah Hurlburt
Mussel Cookbook? Make that mussel manifesto! Hurlburt has recognized this little mollusk for the tasty seafood it is. 100 recipes with a wry text to please mussel mavens and tyros alike. $4.95

Fairy Tales and After
From Snow White to E.B. White
Roger Sale
"It is all, as Charlotte, that spidery spinner of words, puts it: 'TERRIFIC.'" –*Boston Globe* $3.95

The Changing American Voter
Enlarged Edition
A Twentieth Century Fund Study
Norman Nie, Sidney Verba, John Petrocik
Partisanship is dying. Many Americans don't vote at all. What's going on here? Nie, Verba, and Petrocik have written a prize-winning book on American electoral behavior that furnishes many answers. $5.95

The World Viewed
Reflections on the Ontology of Film
Enlarged Edition
Stanley Cavell
Hooray for Hollywood? Maybe not after reading *The World Viewed.* Cavell has scrutinized film and filmmakers and concludes that the movies make unexpectedly intense claims on us. $5.95

Coup d'État
A Practical Handbook
Edward Luttwak
Politically frustrated? Stymied at the polls? Maybe Edward Luttwak can help; he's the expert on coups d'état. In his excellent book, he tells us why coups succeed, why they fail, and why they happen with such bloody regularity. $3.95

*Claude Rains, *The Invisible Man*

Harvard University Press
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This, too, is an article about the controversy, and it might be thought that, under the convention, I may therefore now quote from the *Post* what the *Post* quoted from the banned article, in case anybody still hasn't figured out what it is we're talking about. No such luck. To do so would violate yet another aspect of the convention because I still have a semi-serious point or two to make. My colleague Mort Kondracke stated this axiom succinctly in last week's "Washington Diarist": "To the extent it's talked about ["it" having been previously encoded as "what Kennedy does in private"] it ought to remain at the level of gossip and should not be transformed into a matter of major discussion in the campaign." Innuendo and tittle-tattle? Fine, so long as it is properly encoded. Serious and straightforward discussion? Sorry, this is a family newspaper.

What purpose does this elaborate convention serve? There are several, I am told. First, it is unfair to publish potentially harmful statements about someone without "proof." This standard, appealing enough in the abstract, would be easier to take seriously if the convention did not contain so many escape clauses. The convention doesn't really force journalists to prove what they write about a politician's extracurricular activities; it simply forces them to encode it (like so). Whatever this may do for the journalist's sense of propriety, it is hardly fairer to the subject if the "extracurricular activity," or "private life," or "controversial lifestyle" does not exist.

When the *Post*'s gossip columnist, Maxine Chesire, called me to confirm her hot tip about wild goings-on at *The New Republic*, I asked her why the newspapers don't prove or disprove the "gossip and speculation" about Senator Kennedy once and for all. She said: "It's easier to prove Watergate than the fact that two people are [you know what]. Two people can check into the Madison every night of the week, but they may be just plotting the overthrow of the government." (The Madison is Washington's most fashionable hotel, conveniently located directly across the street from the entrance to the *Post*.) In fact, it is not beyond the investigative talents of a newspaper like the *Washington Post* to pin down a story like this. The real problem is that such an effort is thought to be beneath it. The standard-bearers who insist on "proof" are the same people who recoil, for other reasons, from rooting out and printing the details that such proof would consist of.

The oddest thing about this insistence on "proof" is that it comes from people who have no doubt about the accuracy of the few very general statements about Kennedy's [ ] contained in the article so many of them would not publish. Believe me, those of you who live outside of Washington and Massachusetts, these are not wispy and elusive rumors we're talking about. The air is thick with anecdotes, many of them emitted by the same journalists who take offense at the suggestion that (as Lessard's article put it) the matter is "widely known." Such people are caught in an epistemological quagmire: they may believe something to be true from the observations of their own eyes, or from the repeated accounts of friends and acquaintances; but they decline to consider that they "know" it until it has appeared in the *New York Times*. Before the *Times* or some other official organ has proclaimed its existence, such information, however widespread, remains mere "gossip and speculation." As such, it may be passed around, but it may not be discussed seriously. This arrangement is not likely to survive the coming campaign year. When the first "exposé" about Kennedy's whatever appears in a respectable publication like the *Post* or the *Times*, it will be a moment to treasure—like the one in Casablanca when Claude Rains tells Humphrey Bogart that he is shocked—shocked!—to discover that there is gambling going on in Bogart's nightclub.

The reason this moment has been so long in coming is the second pillar of the banana convention: "privacy." People ought to be able to live their lives without suffering what is called "the glare of publicity." How to balance the legitimate desire for privacy against competing considerations is a serious question. For a sensible and sensitive discussion of it, I refer you to Suzannah Lessard's article. One insensitive point may be made here: a politician's privacy is a very odd fish. No politician that I know of ever has objected to public revelations, however intimate and detailed, about his regular family life. If a man running for office ever declined the campaign services of his wife, if he refused to let photographers near his kids and household pets, if he told reporters that his church volunteer activities were none of their business, I could listen without snickering to pleas that any interest in his relations with other women was an unfair invasion of his privacy. But of course this never happens. Instead, great effort goes into arranging, or even fabricating, elaborate family tableaux for the benefit of the press and the public. The day Senator Kennedy announced his presidential bid produced a classic staging of such a tableau, as only the Kennedys can do it. The day also produced a new wrinkle: Kennedy's press secretary informed reporters that afternoon that the senator had spent the previous night in his wife's apartment. The reporters duly published this information. Nobody asked where he had spent the previous 364 nights: that would be an invasion of privacy.

From the politicians' point of view, then, what the press is protecting by its enormous and uncharacteristic self-restraint on the banana issue is not privacy, but rather . . . hypocrisy? Deception? Well, let's just call it a pleasant illusion of regularity that the voters seem attached to. Still, it is not like journalists to be so accommodating where falsehood is involved. There must be something else. Once again, I think we can hear the official view making itself heard through my friend Mort Kondracke in last week's "Diarist" column: "This country has rather more urgent things

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to debate in 1980 than our candidates' marital or extramarital activities." (Beautiful codework in that "marital or," by the way.) To discuss such things is "trivial, gossip-minded, leering, and pandering to a low grade of public taste." Well! Rather! In other words the press, by its restraint, is preserving the integrity of the political process and the dignity of the journalistic profession from "low grade" attempts to drag both into the slime.

One of the things that attracted me to journalism was its lack of dignity, so it's always alarming to see journalists trying to act dignified. To their credit, the performance is rarely convincing. In this case, the alleged indignity attaches only to sharing banana stories with readers, not to acquiring them and swapping them among colleagues. Nor is it clear to me what's so dignified about participating, or at least acquiescing, in the deception of one's readers.

What looks to Mort like a dignified effort to keep the political debate on a high plane looks to me like a conspiracy between politicians and journalists to deny voters information they may not be sophisticated enough to handle properly. People in Washington may believe that banana, or apple, or papaya, or other personal habits are irrelevant to a politician's qualifications for higher office, but this is not why they don't want these matters written about. Their true concern is almost exactly the opposite: that many people outside Washington—enough to make a difference—will think such matters *are* relevant.

Thus I offer a handy guide to those who agonize over the question, "Where do you draw the line?" You draw the line between information you truly believe average citizens will not find useful in assessing their political leaders, and information you're afraid they'll find all too useful. This doesn't mean you have to pursue and pass on, in an undignified fashion, every juicy tidbit about VIPs that readers might find titillating. Not all of us can achieve the Olympian lack of curiosity of an Arthur Schlesinger Jr., who told the *Washington Post* he truly was not interested whether Eleanor Roosevelt was a lesbian. But reporters have no moral obligation to feed such curiosity. Nor need they report how often a politician cuts his toenails, just because some crackpot somewhere wishes to vote on that basis. But if a reporter suspects that many readers would find some information politically relevant, it's not for him or her to decide that it's none of their business.

It's the hypocrisy that gripes me. If a politician ever truly attempted to keep his private life private, or, alternatively, if he announced to the world that he and his wife had decided the nuclear family is an outmoded social form, I would not be concerned about most of what is generally hidden behind the veil of "privacy." (Of course, this is not to claim I would not be interested.) Suzannah Lessard makes a more sophisticated argument in her article. She argues that certain types of banana-related conduct reflect an attitude toward women in particular and people in general, and a level of maturity and wisdom, that are important—not conclusive, but important—in judging a man's fitness for higher office. In short, she argues that character is important, and cannot be judged exclusively from positions on issues. This is not a novel view. An insightful political observer, for example, wrote about Kennedy 14 months ago:

> *Of course, there remains the question: Does he have character? . . . Kennedy's character could affect the course of American history if he became president. Johnson's did. Nixon's did. We survived them both, and maybe Kennedy's flaws, whatever they are, should be discounted against his considerable merits. Fortunately, it's not something we have to decide today.*
> *(Morton Kondracke,* The New Republic, *September 23, 1978)*

Now we do have to decide, yet now this same observer maintains that all personal matters are of no concern unless they "involved criminality or reckless conduct, or if they subjected him to blackmail." I don't think Mort, and other intelligent Washington journalists, really believe this. I think it's squeamishness at best, and an odd mixture of servility (toward politicians) and arrogance (toward readers) at worst.

Cancel my subscription.

Michael Kinsley

The coming recession will be twice as bad for blacks.

Black Depression

"When the economy sneezes, black people get pneumonia," Vernon Jordan, president of the Urban League, said earlier this year. Now that the nation is coughing and sputtering its way into a serious recession, the prognosis for the economic health of black America is grim indeed. The probable impact of the coming recession upon black America has been barely a footnote in the news media's coverage of our current economic woes. Until recently, the conventional line in the news media was that black Americans never had it so good.

Not long ago, the most prestigious opinion-makers were presenting euphoric reports on black economic progress. First CBS News, then *Time* magazine, and, finally, the *New York Times Magazine* presented special reports on the black middle class, without examining how numerous, affluent, or secure the black middle class is. Meanwhile, the opinion-makers were suggesting that, if there were any remaining victims of discrimination, they were white males; and that, if there were any remaining impediments to black

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

economic progress, they resided within the black community, rather than in society and the economic system as a whole.

The first writers to tell this story, Ben Wattenberg and Richard Scammon, announced in *Commentary* in 1973 that the majority of blacks had moved up into the middle class. But, Scammon and Wattenberg contended, the good news had been covered up by black leaders, with the connivance of white liberals! Wattenberg and Scammon insisted that their purpose in reporting the news of black economic progress was not to call a halt to the social programs of the 1960s, but to demonstrate that these programs had been largely successful. As Wattenberg explained years later, during a television interview on the Public Broadcasting System, "If you want to keep in motion some of the causes of progress, it's a good idea to let the country know that progress is being made."

Wattenberg attributed the progress to the social and economic climate of the 1960s, but he didn't "let the country know" that the progress had ended with the 1960s. The publicists of black economic progress were celebrating 10 years of modest gains 10 years too late. It is true that the ratio of black family income to white family income had risen slowly but steadily during the decade of the 1960s—from 51.8 percent in 1961 to 60.9 percent in 1969. But since the beginning of Richard Nixon's economic and social policies, black economic progress has stalled and even come undone. The ratio of black to white median family income fluctuated during the 1970s, but overall it declined from 60.9 percent in 1969 to 57 percent 10 years later. Alfred Malabre reported in the *Wall Street Journal* last March that "The latest percentage [of black income as a fraction of white income]—57.1 percent—is the lowest in a dozen years." To put this statistic in an even gloomier context, in the last year of World War II, 1945, black median family income was 55.3 percent of the income for whites.

The difference between the progress of the 1960s and the deferred dreams of the 1970s cannot be attributed simply to the cutbacks in the social programs of the New Frontier and Great Society. The start of the Nixon administration in 1969 coincided with the end of a record-long period of steadily declining unemployment, economic growth, and relatively stable prices. During the protracted inflation and periodic bouts with recession that have marked the 1970s, black Americans have suffered disproportionately from the economic distress that has afflicted all Americans.

Coming after the recessions of 1969–71 and 1974–75, the recession of 1979 will be the third slump of the decade—and yet another detour from the road to equality. This economic roller-coaster ride has left black America with an unemployment rate that is approximately twice the unemployment rate for whites, whether in good times or bad. In 1978 the average unemployment rate was 11.9 percent for blacks and 5.2 percent for whites. Since the federal Bureau of Labor Statistics counts as unemployed only those who are actively seeking jobs, the Urban League has devised a "Hidden Unemployment Index," which also counts "discouraged workers" who have given up on finding jobs. According to the Urban League, the "hidden unemployment rate" for blacks was 22.7 percent in 1978. The "hidden unemployment rate" of black youths in 1978 was 56.3 percent, according to the Urban League.

Economists did not label 1978 a recession year, yet in that year black America experienced an unemployment rate of 11.9 percent. If this rate prevailed throughout the entire society, it would have marked 1978 as the worst year since the Depression of the 1930s. It is not inflammatory rhetoric, but simply a statement of fact, to observe that black America lives in an economy of permanent recession. If the 1980s bring a recession for white America, then they will also bring a depression for black America. The unemployment rate of more than eight percent that the Congressional Budget Office forecasts for next year translates into an unemployment rate of 17 percent for blacks—a depression by the standards of any economist.

Just as almost all Americans who lived through the Depression retain dreadful memories of the period, the permanent recession within the black community has victimized the entire community, and next year's anticipated depression could wreak social havoc. Industrial workers who were laid off once, twice, or three times during the recession of the 1970s have lost the seniority rights that protect them against future layoffs and help them to qualify for future promotions. Employees in white-collar jobs, without formal seniority systems, also have seen their careers interrupted or stalled during the 1970s. Meanwhile, during a time of uneven economic growth, new job opportunities have been scanty, and entry into the professions, success in entrepreneurial ventures, and other avenues to economic success have been blocked.

At a time when Scammon, Wattenberg, and their co-thinkers were celebrating black economic progress, the statistics told a different story. To cite the Urban League study, "The Widening Economic Gap," once again, only five percent of the new jobs that were created in private industry during the 1970s went to blacks. Indeed, the prosperous black middle class was experiencing economic insecurity at the same time that it could read about its success in the magazines and newspapers: between 1976 and 1977, the percentage of black families earning incomes of more than $15,000 declined from 31 percent to 30 percent. During this same time the percentage of white families making more than $15,000 increased from 56 to 57 percent.

Next year's recession will have social consequences that can be anticipated with at least as much precision as the economic downturn itself. Black unemployment will approach 20 percent; black youth unemployment will climb above 50 percent; the existing black middle

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

class will feel an economic squeeze; and opportunities for economic advancement will be meager.

The conditions that prevail for black Americans today are worse than those at the height of the ghetto rebellions of the mid-1960s. But political leaders and opinion-makers are not predicting even a reprise of the brief outbursts that accompanied the power failure in New York City during the more prosperous summer of 1977. Meanwhile the same economists who have redefined "full employment" as six or seven percent joblessness, rather than the three or four percent considered tolerable in the 1960s, are also, in effect, declaring that black America must learn to live with a permanent unemployment rate of at least 12 to 15 percent. The politicians who urge further cuts in federal social programs are also promising that the inner cities will never have viable economies. During the debate over President Carter's cutbacks in the federal Comprehensive Employment and Training Act funding, it emerged that this public service jobs program had accounted for approximately one third of the increase in black employment from 1976 through 1978; and that this one program employed almost one quarter of all black teenagers who had jobs.

There is work to be done in America, and there are people who need jobs, but American business and government have not been willing to put the jobs and the jobless together. In a society with a history of five centuries of racism, as long as the economy cannot make use of the energies and talents of a growing percentage of the people, much of black America will remain locked out of the promise of American life.

David Kusnet

David Kusnet works for the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees (AFSCME).

Why that Soviet Brigade is important to Cuba, and to the US.

Fidel's Little Helpers

Like any military unit introduced into a political system, the major function of the Soviet forces in Cuba is to enhance the local leader's power base. Moscow is insuring its investment in Fidel Castro. In a state lacking institutional procedures for transferring power, the coup or putsch is the only way to change administrations. La Brigada is a sobering deterrent to aspiring politicians. Domestic popular support and its political relevance in Cuba's authoritarian system cannot be gauged. But a large army, secret police, political prisoners, and a controlled press belie the Cuban government's pronouncements of widespread delirious support. Thus the brigade may also help to remind the people about who's in charge. Cuba is a system where force is the coin of political exchange; Moscow is Castro's banker.

Moscow's internal guarantee is intimately related to Cuba's foreign adventures. Castro may long have yearned to send expeditionary forces abroad; but without Russians to fill their places at home, he could have spared precious few soldiers from the most urgent task of guarding his throne. The trade-off is tight and neat. Castro remains in power in Cuba, validates himself internationally with "revolutionary" activities abroad, and feeds an ego whose appetite the scarce resources of his island cannot begin to sate. Moscow insures Castro with the brigade and extensive military infrastructural support, then gets compound interest: it sends Castro abroad where Cuban forces serve Soviet purposes without leaving Soviet footprints.

Obscuring actions and motives is a venerable part of the art of politics. But, in Castro, the Soviets have created a masterpiece of the preposterous. The Cuban involvement in Africa is presented not as intervention, but as anti-colonialism. This is despite the fact that Cuban forces are not fighting European colonialists. From Angola on, Cuba has been siding with one African faction against another—*after* decolonization. The invisible hand behind Castro is ignored, and an independent foreign policy is attributed to a little island state whose government cannot survive without the brigade and about two million dollars a day from a superpower not generally known for its altruism.

In Africa, the Cuban gambit goes something like this. A weak ruler, unable to create an adequate elite coalition, invites the Cubans in. Even a small mechanized force is adequate to counter the inferior local army, so the ruler now has a guarantor for his incumbency and can operate without regard for other internal groups or tribes. Of course, he must defer to the interests of the Cubans and their superiors; but that is arranged, by common agreement, as quietly as possible. To deflect charges of intervention, the arrangement is advertised as "anti-colonialist" or "anti-imperialist," terms whose referents have become so vague that they have only emotive force. Thereafter, the Cubans provide "training" and "military assistance." But because they keep the heavier and more sophisticated weapons and local conflicts are not settled, they and their principal remain indispensable. At least one ruler who asked the Russians and Cubans to leave quickly appreciated his error and tried, unsuccessfully, to get them back.

Once the gambit has been played in several countries, the message to the rest of the third world's incumbent and aspiring leaders, few of whom have effective power bases, is unmistakable: mend your bridges with the Soviets. The shakedown is so effective that third world leaders, already involved or hedging bets, readily

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accommodate the Soviet and Cuban interest in pretending that Cuba's actions are purely "anti-colonialist." Thus the Cuban gambit increases Soviet influence in regional and world politics, especially in a period when the West is unable or unwilling to counter it. It should be no surprise that a new lobby is pressing Cuba into the Security Council despite strong misgivings in Latin America.

Africa, where the Cuban gambit has been played most boldly, is important, first and foremost, to Africans, who deserve the chance to shape their own destinies without external interference. It is important to the US for strategic resource and domestic political reasons. Soviet-Cuban operations corrupt African (and indeed Cuban) politicians and jeopardize US interests, with ramifications in the Caribbean and Latin America too. Castro is the key to the gambit, but the Soviet brigade in Cuba is the *sine qua non*. Remove it and Castro must come home. His repatriation should be a major American foreign policy objective. A first, indispensable step is to recognize that the brigade is no trifling matter.

Michael Reisman

Michael Reisman is a professor at Yale Law School.

Aloft with John Connally.

The Politics of Vanity

by Joseph Kraft

There was a mix-up about tickets, so John and Nellie Connally had to wait while an advance man made the arrangements for their flight from Los Angeles to Houston. Connally took up a station just inside the entrance to the airport terminal. He was by himself, without advance men, handlers, journalists, or secret service. Too proud to press the flesh, but too vain not to crave attention, he stood alone, practicing his brand of politics—the politics of ego. Inevitably the upright figure and familiar white hair arrested interest. A hundred hurrying passers-by did double takes. A score stopped to introduce themselves.

Nellie Connally sat on a nearby bench. I was flying with them to Houston, and as it was clear that John Connally wanted what stage there was to himself, I sat with her. She talked of the rich diversity of people circulating through the airport. She said that a painter seeking to capture the far-out quality of modern American life might well set up an easel in Los Angeles International. She pointed to travelers with backpacking equipment, surfing gear, fishing rods, and golf bags; to a fat man with an eye-patch; to a family of three women—grandmother, mother, and daughter; to a group of Japanese tourists. There also was a woman wearing bluejeans under a dress and a couple of sweaters and coats over the dress. "I guess you can travel that way without carrying luggage," Nellie Connally said. "I wonder," she asked herself, "what they think of us. They see me. I'm wearing a dress, and stockings, and pumps, and a jacket. Then there's John. He has a navy blue suit, and a vest. They must think: 'Oh, look at them, they're straights.'"

John Connally is very straight indeed, and not only in dress. He talks well, with emphasis and sometimes exaggeration. "If the Japanese don't let us sell Iowa beef and citrus fruit from Florida, then they'll have to sit in their Toyotas on the docks of Yokahama watching their own television shows on their own Sonys," is a typical line. But he rarely uses profanity, and almost never talks dirty. "Nellie can't stand cuss words," a friend once told me. The friend said that this was why Connally had drifted apart from Bob Strauss, an old colleague and onetime political associate, who is now a leading figure in the Carter administration. Nor does Connally eat or drink in the fashion of wheeler-dealers. On the plane, there was a choice between steak and chicken for lunch. Connally chose the chicken. "I thought you would take the steak, for sure," the stewardess said. "I raise beef," Connally said, "but I eat chicken." As to drinks, he declined the offer of champagne before taking off. He refused a cocktail before lunch. He took a glass of white wine with lunch, but scowled when the stewardess filled his glass to the brim. When she began pouring some for me, he told her to stop when the glass was half full. Then he reached

Joseph Kraft is a nationally syndicated columnist based in Washington, DC.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over, took my half-glass for himself, and gave me his full one.

When the advance man returned with the tickets, we moved through the security check. Connally saw my bag, and chose that moment to escalate the war of the briefcases. The war had started when we rode out from the Connallys' hotel to the airport. As we entered the limousine the advance man asked whether Connally had the airplane tickets. "Not me," Connally said briskly. The advance man said he thought he'd given Connally the tickets.

In the car, Connally pulled out his briefcase and began to search through it for the plane tickets. The inside of the case was, as Connally himself remarked, a mare's nest. There were copies of speeches, clippings from newspapers, cards bearing the results of polls, reports on almost every conceivable subject, and all kinds of other paraphernalia, including eyeglasses, pencils and pens, and even a small kit with a tiny screwdriver, which Connally uses to adjust the reading glasses he sometimes wears. Connally rooted through this collection of odds and ends for 20 minutes. Only after it was clear that he hadn't lost the tickets did he stop going through the motions.

Mrs. Connally noted the worn, battered condition of the briefcase, "That's awful John," she said. "You ought to get a new one." I volunteered that maybe the briefcase was "a gift from the Japanese." Mrs. Connally laughed. The advance man—no doubt having listened several thousand times to the crack about the Japanese on the docks of Yokahama—let out a loud hee-haw. Connally smiled, but wanly. "You'll be surprised," he said. "It won't be long before the Japanese are exporting attaché cases to America."

When I produced my attaché case for the x-ray machine, Connally observed that he could see why I had disparaged his case. Mine was shiny and spiffy. "It must be only a couple of weeks old," he said. "Maybe you bought it specially for this trip." I said that as a matter of fact it was fairly new, and that it had been made in Taiwan. I added that this suggested the Japanese wouldn't be exporting briefcases, because they couldn't make them as cheaply as the Taiwanese can.

Connally then observed that the real source for imported leather goods was Italy. "They make beautiful leather in Italy," he said. "Probably the best in the world." I said that was true, but that Italian leather was very expensive.

Connally then said that they also made very fine leather goods in Argentina. He'd been down there and the stuff was absolutely beautiful, first-rate. I said I also had been in the Argentine, and thought the leather was fine. I said I didn't think the Argentine was well organized to import much to the US. Connally rejoined that Argentina was an extraordinary country. Vast open spaces. Abundant resources. An educated population. They just couldn't seem to organize themselves. I agreed, and it was only then—after I had in effect shown the white flag—that the battle of the briefcases came to a close.

On board the plane, Connally and I resumed a political chat we had begun during the limousine trip. I observed that it was awfully early for a presidential campaign. Connally agreed, but suggested the race might not last very long. He thought that on the Republican side, it could be all over by mid-March. He said: "Reagan's in the lead. He has to be headed off early or else he'll go all the way. If he wins the Iowa caucuses in January, and the New Hampshire primary in February, and the Massachusetts primary in the first week of March, and the Florida primary in the second week, and the Illinois primary in the third week—then it's all over."

Connally expressed strong doubt that any of the other Republicans in the race could head off Reagan. He thought some of them—Senator Bob Dole of Kansas, and Representatives Phil Crane and John Anderson of Illinois—would drop out early in March. About Senator Howard Baker, he said: "Once people in Washington rise to a certain level, they tend to become awfully comfortable, satisfied with where they are. Baker's like that. He's important in the Senate. But I don't see him in the country. I don't feel his organization. I don't hear about his people raising money. I read the other day that he's expecting to raise $2.5 million by the beginning of next year. Well that's all right for Tennessee. But at the presidential level you have to raise much, much more than that. And you have to take bigger risks than Baker is taking."

Connally acknowledged that George Bush had done good work in organizing and raising money. But he said that Bush's campaign was mainly confined to Iowa and New Hampshire. "He's gotta beat Reagan in the South—in Florida or Alabama or Georgia or Texas—and I don't think Bush can do that." Connally then planted with me a novel suspicion about Bush. He said that throughout most of 1978, Bush had indicated that he was not going to run for the presidency. Then, according to Connally, some Bush people met with some Reagan people. Suddenly Bush was a candidate. Connally intimated that a deal had been struck. Bush would be vice president for Reagan, with an understanding that he would be next in line for the presidency. In return, he would support Reagan at the strategic moment. Also, Connally added, "they figured Bush would undermine me in Texas."

As to his own campaign, Connally was by turns disenchanted and optimistic. He said that his task in the campaign was to come between Ronald Reagan and his constituency on the right wing of the Republican party. To do that he had to profile himself against Reagan, showing that he was "more energetic, better informed, more knowledgeable about Washington, and the economy, and trade, and foreign policy." He thought he had done well in impressing journalists, particularly younger journalists, who had been pleasantly surprised to learn he did not wear horns. He was pleased with the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

money raising. He claimed that during the past three days he had raised over one million dollars in three sessions around California. "Ronald Reagan couldn't raise a million dollars in Texas," he said.

I asked whether it wasn't one thing to impress top executives, and another thing to impress the more modest people who make up the rank and file of the Republican party. I wondered whether the qualities that impressed executives didn't put off ordinary Republican party workers, especially those leaning toward Ronald Reagan. Connally said: "Politics is vanity and ego. The party workers want to feel they know the candidate, and know where he stands. They want to be able to tell the voters, 'Look, I know him, I know what he feels.' They do know Reagan. He was their favorite in 1976, and Ford, using the awesome power of the presidency, cut him out. They still feel comfortable with Reagan. They think they know where he stands. They don't really know where he stands, except on the Panama Canal. But they think they know, and they like him."

Nevertheless, Connally felt he was making headway. He said he had done well in Florida and would do better. He thought he had made some progress in Iowa. To buttress that point, he showed me a series of polls that were too bewildering to follow in detail. What they purported to demonstrate was that while Reagan was leading, Connally had moved up strongly when Kennedy, as distinct from Carter, was in the race. "That shows," Connally said, "that the party workers are not sure they can win with Reagan against Kennedy. They think they can do better with me."

"I can't prove it," Connally continued, "but I feel that Reagan is losing strength. His workers don't have the same vitality. His fundraising has lost its edge. He has a good thing with Frank Sinatra raising money for him, and Dean Martin, and Wayne Newton. But it is not Reagan. He's not out there himself, the way I am.

"We were all offered secret service. I turned it down, of course. I want to be close to the people. But Reagan's taking it. He isn't up to being with people all the time. He wants an excuse for not being available. Now he can say that he'd like to come in close, but the secret service won't let him."

Connally predicted that Reagan probably would win in New England after a fairly good showing in Iowa. But Connally thought he would win Florida and maybe South Carolina and Georgia and Alabama in the early days of March. "If Reagan can't carry the South," Connally said, "he's on the way to going down."

The *coup de grace*, Connally claimed, will be delivered in Illinois on March 18. The Connally campaign has signed up Governor James Thompson, and most of the Republican party leaders in Cook County. It was a delicate business. Connally said: "Thompson is for me because he'd like to be vice president. The leaders think I could do well in the state. But the leaders hate Thompson. I have to stay on good terms with both. But I think I can. I think if Reagan is beaten in one southern state and in Illinois, that's the end."

I asked Connally whether he had any success in winning over former Reagan people. He cited Henry Salvatori, the California oil man who once supported Reagan and was now working for Connally. I asked about George Schultz, who succeeded Connally as secretary of the treasury under Nixon. Connally responded with another evocation of vanity politics.

"I have a peculiar theory," he said. "It might not be right, but it's my theory. I figure when somebody is well acquainted with me, or is a friend, he knows I'm running for office. He knows I'd like his support and his financial help. So I don't ask for it. It's different with people who don't know me. I'm not afraid with those I never saw, to meet them, and tell them I'd like their support and ask for their money. But I wouldn't do that with the people I know.

"So I haven't asked George Schultz. As it happens, he is helping me financially. But sometimes that doesn't work. I read the other day that Bill Simon said I hadn't asked for his support and so he was going to help Reagan. Maybe that's because my approach is wrong. Maybe that only testifies to the political naiveté of Bill Simon."

Many Texas Democrats are still prominent around Connally: Ben Barnes, the former lieutenant governor; George Christian, former press secretary to Connally when he was governor, and to Lyndon Johnson at the White House; Warren Woodward, a business associate of the Johnsons and others. I asked Connally what he thought of the idea that he was more comfortable as a Democrat, and that, if he had stayed in the party, he might be president now. "I don't think so," he said. "The McGovernites took over the party in 1972. They run things in the Carter administration. They wouldn't have let me become president, and I wouldn't have been comfortable with them if I had. It wouldn't have worked."

Connally still fumes about his trial on charges of accepting bribes from milk producers while secretary of the treasury under Nixon. He said the indictment never should have been brought. It was a case of the higher-ups being unable to restrain the zealots below. The whole case rested on the word of one man. That's why the jury had returned a verdict of innocent, he said. I asked Connally about reports that there were transcripts from the Nixon tapes that had not surfaced at the trial, but that would come up in the campaign. (See "The Secret Trial of John Connally" by Fred Graham, *TNR*, June 21, 1975.) Connally said there was a tape. The prosecution in the trial had a transcript of the tape which made it seem Connally was telling Nixon how to carry Texas. Connally claimed the transcript was inaccurate and that he actually was telling Nixon how to deal with Congress on taxes. He said the judge had ruled out the transcript, and made the jury listen to the original tape on earphones.

The talk turned to Connally's speech about the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Middle East at the Washington Press Club on October 16. The speech was the work of an expert well known in Washington: Sam Hoskinson, former CIA analyst who had worked at the National Security Council for both Henry Kissinger and Zbigniew Brzezinski. So its central theme was not unfamiliar. In one way or another, George Ball, Andrew Young, Jesse Jackson, and even Brzezinski had urged, as Connally did, that the US force Israel back to its 1967 borders in return for a comprehensive settlement with the Arabs including an American guarantee of security, self-determination for the Palestinians, and an assurance from the states of the Persian Gulf of a steady supply of oil at a fair price.

What distinguished Connally's speech was its overt insistence on trading Israeli withdrawal for Arab oil, and its explicit recommendation that "the United States . . . maintain a strong military presence in this vital area." The purpose of that straight talk, according to politicos close to Connally, was to show him as a leader, the kind of man who could bite bullets. This was supposed to set him off advantageously against Ronald Reagan in the eyes of right-wing Republicans. No one in the Connally camp was surprised, or even very upset, by the adverse reaction among Jews and other partisans of Israel. At the Connally fundraising dinner in Los Angeles, I pointed out to the industrialist Frank Jameson, that not many Hollywood people were present; his wife, Eva Gabor, observed that "Arabs don't run the movie business."

I said to Connally that he was lucky the speech had drawn so much hostile fire from partisans of Israel. The truly strong argument against it was that it was unrealistic and couldn't work. I asked Connally whether he thought there was any country in the Near East that would accept an American military presence. And did he think the Congress would send American boys to stand between Israel and the Palestinians?

Connally replied that there were American troops in Western Europe and Korea, and that the Middle East was now a more immediate threat to our security. He said he did not propose to put American troops between Israel and the PLO. His idea was to station them in the installations built by Israel in the Sinai Desert that are now being turned back to Egypt. I asked if he had thought the Egyptians would accept an American military presence. He said they should. It was in their interest and would bring security to the area. "We paid for those bases," he said. "We ought to have the right to use them."

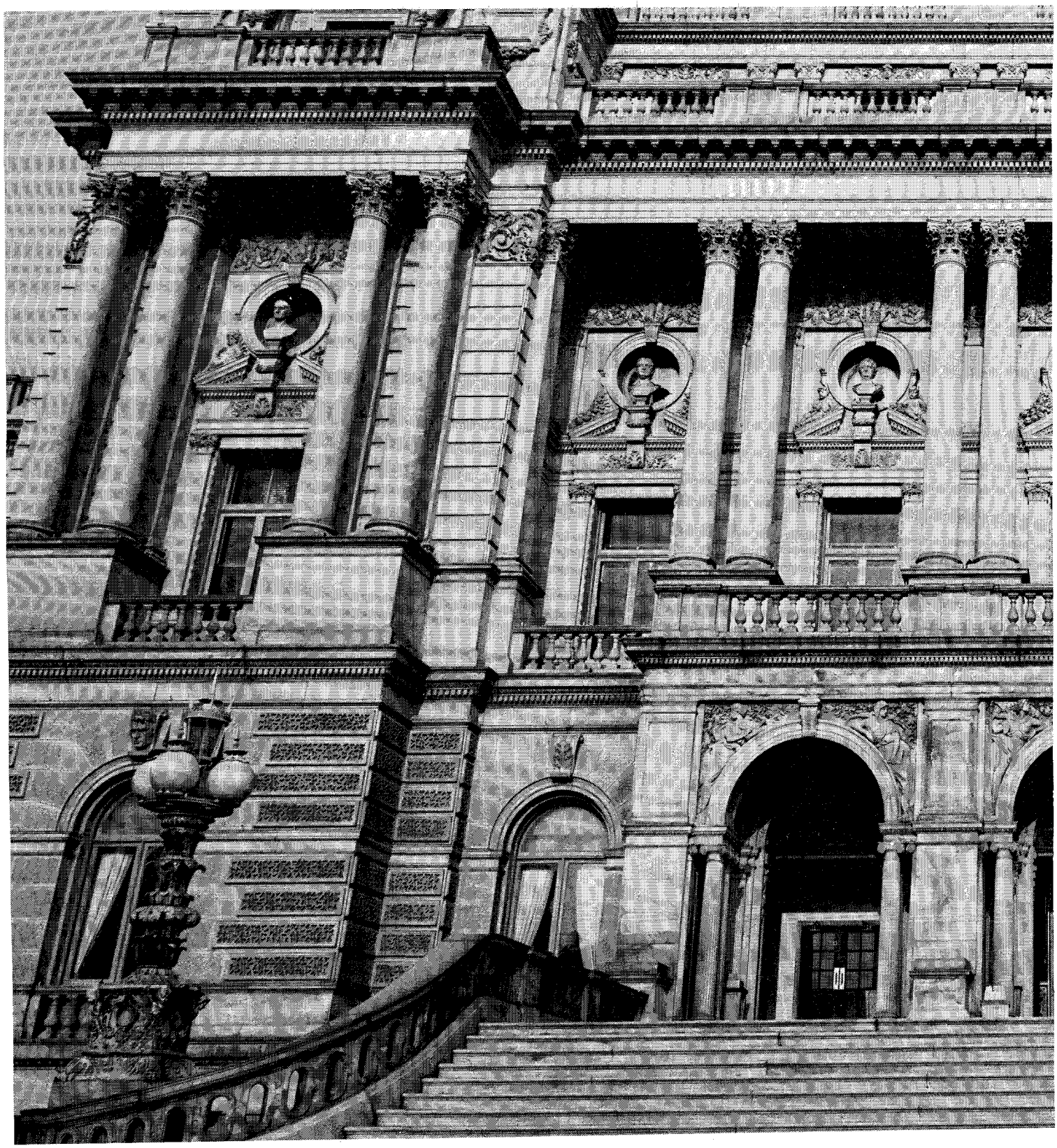
I said it wasn't like that in the Near East—that for better or worse the governments there did not want to be tainted as imperialist by having an overt American military presence. I pointed out that the Saudis had refused an American military presence when Secretary of Defense Harold Brown had taken soundings early in the year. Connally retorted with a question: "What would you do if the Russians began moving through Iraq on the Persian Gulf and the oil that is the lifeline of Western civilization?" I said I didn't think the Russians would do that, and observed they had their hands full holding onto Afghanistan. Connally insisted that I answer the question. I said it would be useful to beef up American naval forces in the Indian Ocean. Connally said he had proposed a Fifth Fleet in the Indian Ocean. That would help. "But we both know that wouldn't stop the Russians."

I said maybe Iraq, which had been increasingly anti-Soviet in tone, might be detached from the Russian sphere of friendship. "That's right," Connally said. "But you'll never do that unless you try. You'll never know what the Egyptians will accept unless you ask. You'll never know what the Saudis will accept unless you ask. I know those folks. I get on with them. I know how to deal with them." Connally acknowledged that he hadn't in fact sounded out the Egyptians, or the Saudis, or the other Arabs, not to mention the Israelis, on his proposals. He had accepted the word of an expert—a distinctly unConnallyesque thing to do. I found myself acknowledging that if any American could assert American power credibly, it would be Connally.

Another area where Connally had staked out a strong position in competition with Reagan for the vote of the Republican right is with his call for a common market with Canada and Mexico. In that way, some say, the US would become more independent in energy and able, as a result, to play a much stronger role in the world. I expressed doubt that internal politics would permit either the Mexican or the Canadian government to make large amounts of oil or gas available to the US in a highly visible way. I cited the case of President Carter's negotiations with Mexico for a natural gas deal. Connally said, "The Mexicans are dependent upon the US. But they're proud people. So they're bound to complain whenever they have to deal with us. Jimmy Carter didn't understand that. When they complained, he made concessions. So they had to kick even more. The way to deal with Mexico is to go to the leaders privately. You tell them what you want—gas and oil and a program for bringing immigrants to this country for fixed periods of time with full protections of their jobs and good wages. You also let them know what you're prepared to do if necessary. Stopping immigration: we can do that if we have to, holding up trade, blocking tourism. That would hurt, and the Mexicans would complain, of course. But they'd understand that a deal has to be made. They'd make the deal. They're good people."

Just before we landed in Houston, I asked Connally about the prospect of a race against Kennedy. Connally thought it would provide the country with a true choice between opposing political philosophies. "Kennedy's an activist, but he believes in action by government. I'm an activist, but I believe the job of government is to give scope to the private interests." I asked Connally whether he didn't fear such a fight might tear the country apart. "No," he said. "The country can stand it. It will test our mettle."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



YOU'RE LOOKING AT THE

It's called the Library of Congress.

Every year almost a million new books, records, films and other pieces of information arrive here.

Joining a collection that already numbers over 75 million items.

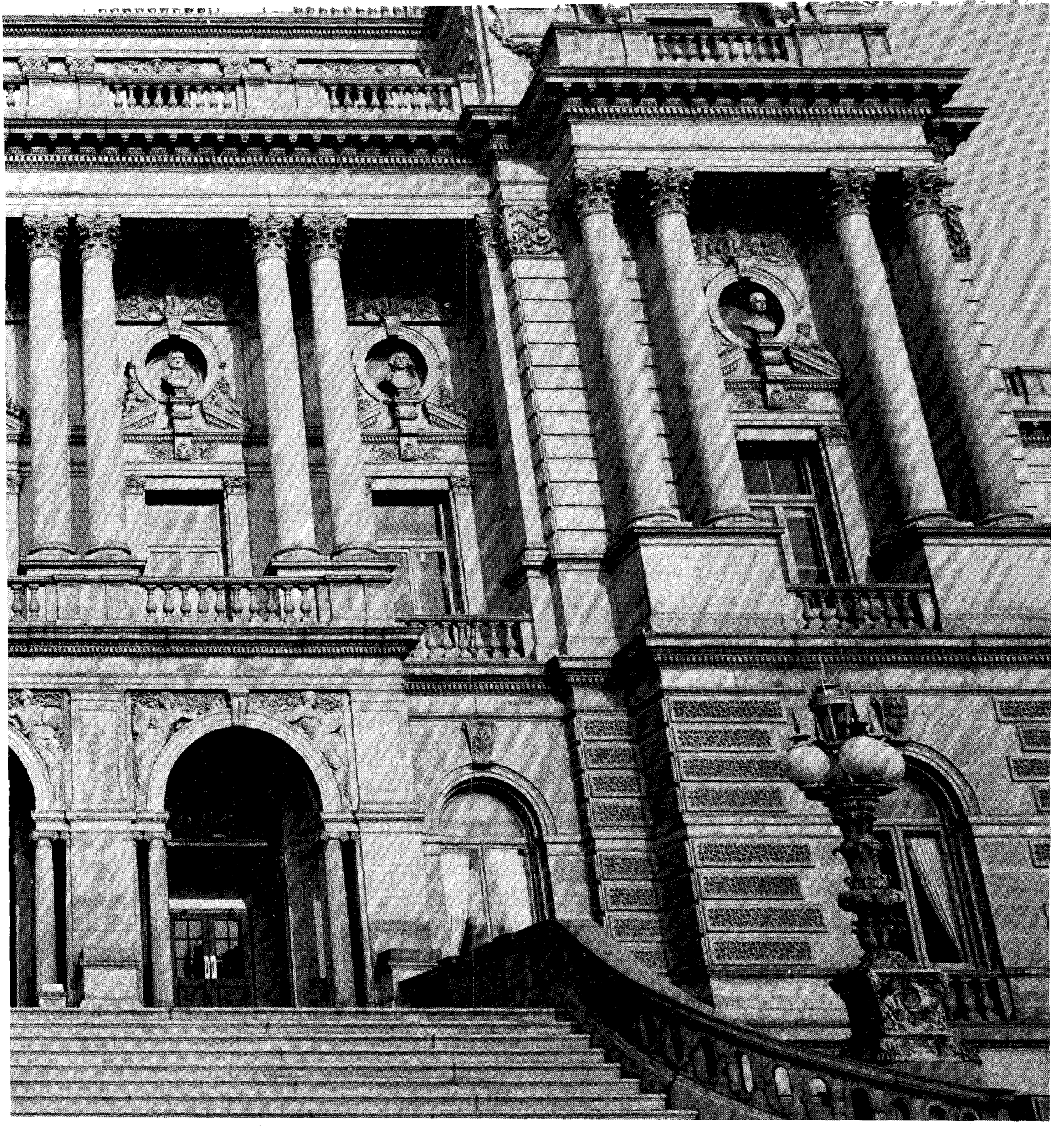
How do they ever keep track of all that?

With patience, resourcefulness, computers, and millions of catalog cards. Cards produced with the help of a Xerox electronic printing system.

Information about each new title is entered into a computer. The Xerox system takes this information straight from the computer. Then, using laser beams, it prints out sheets of catalog cards at an incredible two sheets a second.

In runs of one, or one hundred thousand,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WORLD'S LARGEST "IN" BOX.

or whatever is needed.

All of which is important, since the Library doesn't just print these cards for its own use. It sends them out to as many as 100,000 other libraries, all over the country.

Which is another reason the Library of Congress uses this Xerox information management system.

Because the world's largest "In" box also happens to be one of the world's largest "Out" boxes.

XEROX

XEROX® is a trademark of XEROX CORPORATION.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Something Less Than Masterly

"The cinema's greatest artistic misfortune and its most celebrated scandal." So wrote Harry M. Geduld and Ronald Gottesman in the preface to their *Sergei Eisenstein and Upton Sinclair: The Making and Unmaking of* "Que Viva Mexico!" (Indiana, 1970), a huge collection of relevant materials with commentary by the editors. The second part of their statement is inarguable: the first part is not.

The subject arises again because of a seven-film program to mark the 60th anniversary of Soviet film, which was led off by still another version of the Eisenstein footage. Here's a very brief summary of the background: Sergei Eisenstein, deservedly world-famous at 31, was permitted to leave the Soviet Union in 1929 to study film techniques abroad. Eventually he reached Hollywood where he was to make a film of *An American Tragedy*. This project dissolved. Then, with backing arranged by Upton Sinclair, Eisenstein went to Mexico to make a film there. With his assistant Grigory Alexandrov and his lifelong cinematographer Edouard Tissé, he arrived in Mexico in December 1930. He departed in March 1932, having shot hundreds of thousands of feet of film but without having finished. He and Sinclair had got into increasingly stormy broils, which are still being argued. (For a subjective portrait of Eisenstein, read the story "Hacienda" by Katherine Anne Porter. She knew the Russian group in Mexico and, using fictional names, expresses her preference for Alexandrov over his chief.) The director never edited his footage, which never reached Russia during his lifetime. A number of editings were done by different people, under various titles. The only previous one I've seen is called *Thunder Over Mexico* and was edited by Harry Chandlee, a name otherwise unknown to fame. (All this is bitterly apposite to the discussion of editing here last week.)

The new Soviet version is introduced by Alexandrov, now elderly, who also speaks an epilogue. He says that the footage was obtained after lengthy negotiations with the Museum of Modern Art in New York. (A member of the film department confirms that the museum received about 600,000 feet of film from the Sinclair estate and made a copy which was sent to the Soviet Union.) Alexandrov says the material was edited according to Eisenstein's notes, scenarios, drawings. This may well be true and still be a long way from what the director himself might have done; but there are reasons to believe that, though Eisenstein himself could surely have made the result better, he could not have put it in the front-line of his work—possibly could not even have made it good. It certainly is not good now.

The chief reason is intrinsic: in no other Eisenstein work is there such studied salon-photography aestheticism. Everything seems to have been shot at 10 a.m. or 3 p.m.—never noon or early morning or late afternoon—so that the shadows will be just at the angle desired. A director can exercise options, of course, but after a while we feel that nothing happens in Mexico except for about 15 minutes every morning and afternoon. Many, many of the shots are effectively composed but, with very few exceptions (three peons buried to the neck, for instance), they are undramatic, reminders of Paul Strand rather than Eisenstein. He seems to have been afflicted with the subtle virus that plagues directors abroad, a consciousness that he runs the risk of tourism and a desperate effort to perceive like a native. Antonioni in China behaved like a sophisticated tourist; Eisenstein in Mexico tried to see things from the inside out.

Most of the film is documentary. One episode is fictional, and it's foolish—as shot, not as edited. A peon starts an insurrection because his fiancée has been assaulted by his master's guest. The battle that follows, in which the master's daughter gaily takes part and is killed, is like a backyard parody of a Western.

Alexandrov's editing throughout, done with a large staff, may follow Eisenstein's intent. If so, all the more regrettable for Eisenstein. In one sequence, for instance, we see two lovers nestling in a hammock. This is immediately followed by a shot of two macaws billing on a branch above.

The rights and wrongs of the Eisenstein-Sinclair quarrel will probably remain in suspension forever. I certainly don't argue that Eisenstein should not have been permitted to edit his own film, but I simply can't see, on the evidence, that Sinclair's intransigence cheated the world of a masterpiece. Marie Seton, one of Eisenstein's biographers, prepared a version of the footage called *Time in the Sun*, which Otis Ferguson reviewed for this journal (September 30, 1940). I agree with his comments:

> *The plain truth of the matter is that Eisenstein went to Mexico for some documentary stuff and there got drunk partly on his own reputation and partly on the million different things that could be photographed if you spent the rest of your life at it on subsidy; and that Upton Sinclair took a villainous drubbing for pulling him away in the end and trying to salvage some of that naive investment. A way to be a film critic for years was to holler about this rape of great art, though it should have taken no more critical equipment than common sense to see that whatever was cut out, its clumping repetitions and lack of film*

Films Worth Seeing

Apocalypse Now. Possibly prototypical of American filmmaking right now. Stunning virtuosity, but thematically, psychologically, morally vacuous.

Breaking Away. Charm and bite in a modest comedy about small-town adolescent fantasies and facts.

Monty Python's Life of Brian. An innocent bystander in the time of Jesus gets shanghaied into being a messiah himself. Wickedly, wisely witty.

Nosferatu. Klaus Kinski *acts* Dracula for the first time. A visually rich, though still not very substantial remake of the 1923 Murnau film.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

motion could not have been cut in.

Bernard Shaw is a revered master of mine, but I've long differed with one of his most famous lines: "He who can, does. He who cannot, teaches." This badly needs emendment to: "He who can, does. Therefore he who can teach, does." So it may well be that Lee Strasberg is the master teacher of acting that many call him even though he is a platitudinous and unaffecting actor. But if he *is* a master teacher, then he must have the judgment to know the quality of the film scripts he chooses to act in.

The past month brought two Strasberg screen appearances. He played Al Pacino's senile grandfather in *And Justice for All*, a so-called cameo role, the cameo here being molded of caramel. Now he plays the leading role in a film called *Boardwalk* which, in a sagging year for American films, scratches toward a new low.

It's about an old Jewish couple who live in Coney Island, a once-idyllic community now suffering the incursions of young blacks and Hispanics. The facts are not in question: violence, particularly against old people, is a grim commonplace. But the script by Stephen Verona (who directed oafishly) and Leigh Chapman is stilted, sentimental, and unbalanced. A token "good" black couple are slipped in near the end: otherwise the script is a piece of sheer prejudice. If it was going to include the token "good" blacks, it might also have given token mention of the causes of the violence portrayed, along with mention of the fact that a great many elderly black and Hispanic people are also afraid of the New York streets.

The film is not worth criticism. I'll mention only that Ruth Gordon is less Jewish but equally intolerable as Strasberg's wife; that when this Jewish-sage-saint (Strasberg) finally cracks under pressure and strangles the gang leader with his bare hands on the Coney Island boardwalk, people in the background don't even notice. The really pertinent point is that, by appearing in these films, Strasberg has, first, denigrated the principles he has been teaching by separating principle from practice and, second, he has implicitly denigrated film. He implies that his friends and students will recognize that it's "only a film," one does it for the money.

What an example for his students. That he's a poor actor and doesn't know it, that he has the ego to want to act despite his limitations (apparent since *Green Grow the Lilacs*, 1931), all that could be forgiven in human terms. But to choose to appear in these two scripts—the man who has been making those high-sounding Strasbergian sounds all his teaching life—constitutes a slur on himself, his students, and film possibilities in this country.

Shame.

Leon Wieseltier on art

Chardin: Painter of the Bourgeoisie's Happiest Hour

Jean-Siméon Chardin (1699-1779) has found his place among art's great poets of the bourgeois. Maes, de Hooch, Kalf—these are the painters evoked by Chardin's tranquil interiors; and it is no wonder that his work should have been restored to 19th-century taste with the aid of Theophile Thoré, who rediscovered Vermeer. Chardin evokes also more familiar masters: Manet, Cézanne, Matisse. But his precise position in the history of the representations of bourgeois life deserves closer attention. It is one reason for the extraordinary authority of these humble pictures and accounts almost entirely for the special sentimentality with which they continue to be received.

Perhaps it is no longer plain that the lovely fruits and flowers of 17th-century Dutch still life were illustrations of anxiety. The homilies have been lost in the excellence of their execution; it is hard to feel chastized by images of such beauty. And yet the sumptuous repasts, their luminous peeled lemons left to shrivel and their opened oysters to rot, warn of gluttony and the moral aftermath of human appetite. The slumbering kitchen maids show sloth as distinctly as they do the discreet modeling of their muslin skirts. The studies, in short, are also sermons. The serene observation of ordinary things implied not only an accepting or philosophical attitude; it was also haunted by the bourgeoisie's febrile beginnings, by the unresolved ambiguities of the new life of consumption and pleasure.

The still lifes and portraits of the late 19th and early 20th century were also illustrations of anxiety. These painters worried not that experience in the middle class was evil, they worried rather that it was ugly and crass and unfired. They defended themselves against this fear by painting it beautiful and refined and all aglow. The *refusés* were not traitors to their class; they were its nervous panegyrists. Their art's innovations in perception and method had much to do with this exaggerated need for color and form. Manet's endeavor to cloak his figures in mystery and his settings in splendor won for color an unprecedented independence, and for light a strange and liberating artificiality. It inaugurated, in other words, the fateful trek away from illusionism. Later Matisse released the strained bourgeois ideal into an empyrean of uninhibited hue and design. The effort to improve modern life for the eye culminated then in an art consecrated to strictly pictorial values. The most arresting expressions of this evolution are the interiors of Vuillard: there has been no more fearful account of bourgeois airlessness than his rooms without issue, whose men and women are trapped forever between sofas and commodes and tables. And yet the frantic density of the scenes becomes a new occasion for form; the malaise is quickly overcome by a luxuriant play of sheer pattern.

Chardin's parlors and fruit baskets fall exactly between the symbols of his predecessors and the surfaces of his heirs. Contemporary engravers were swift to reproduce many of Chardin's pictures with moralistic mottoes attached, but the images firmly resist the meanings. The undone lemon in the "Buffet" of 1728 (which Matisse copied) is just a happy opportunity to explore light and textures. The house of cards—a didactic convention of Dutch painting—is in Chardin an amusement, not a vice; what most engages him is not its futility, which recalls the the hoary wisdom about the vanity of worldly affairs, but its delicacy, which, like the famous soap bubbles, poses an interesting challenge to the artist's skill. "Saying Grace," one of Chardin's most irresistible vignettes, depicts nothing remotely religious, only a routine in-

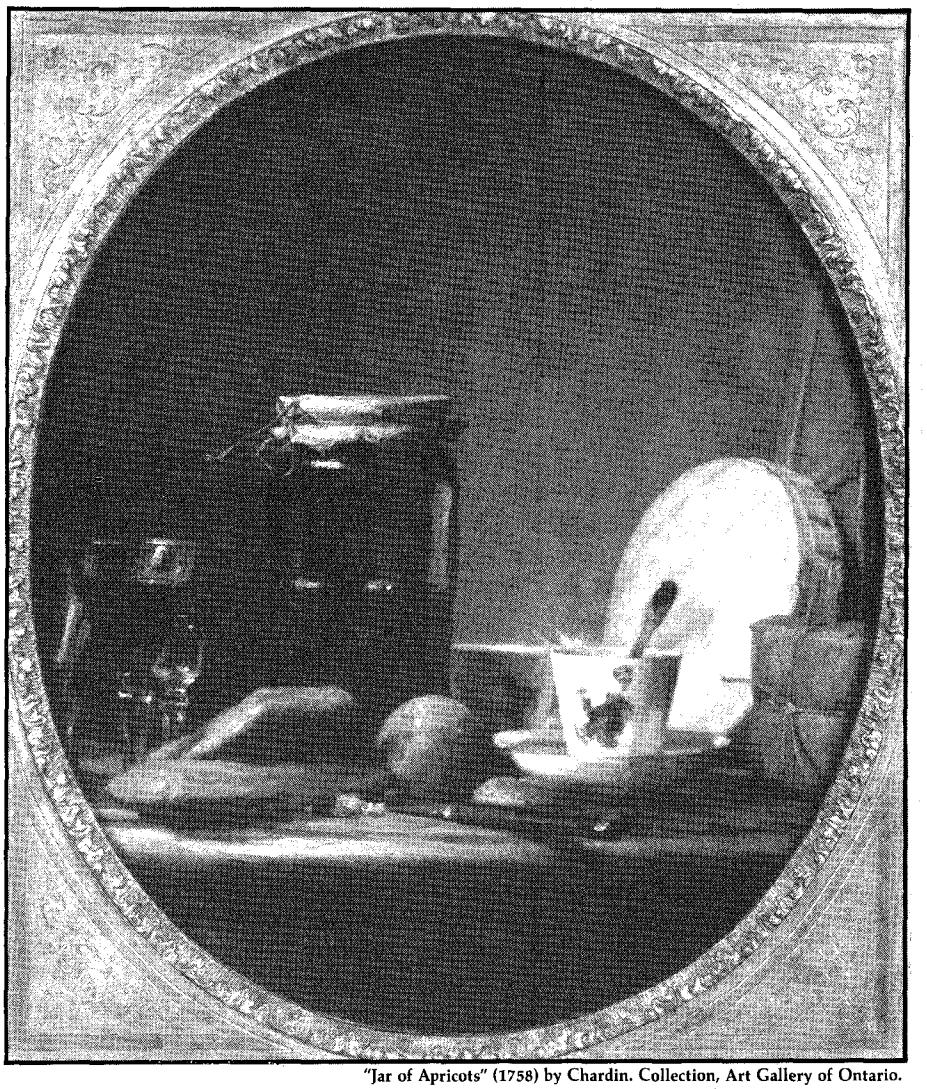
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

struction in bourgeois manners.

Chardin flourished after the growing pains of this class had ended and before the crisis of its maturity began—when, according to Tocqueville, "France had become the country in which men were most like each other," and the genteel painter of food and furniture was asked to live in the Louvre. Chardin is the chronicler of the bourgeoisie's happiest hour. Its society is represented in Chardin's canvases almost exclusively by children. These works disclose a mild universe of untormented secularism, an innocent world of feeling and duty whose eudaemonism is fairly complete. What better argument for the perdurability of bourgeois arrangements than Chardin's sublime crockery? Or the steady benevolence of the nurse in "Meal for a Convalescent," the gravity of its tablecloth, the exemplary order of the bowl and pitcher and loaf assembled upon it? Proust was wise to recommend Chardin to the young man demoralized by the dreariness of his middle-class home. Chardin discovered beauty in the pantry and grace in the peeling of an egg.

And yet these documents of 18th-century well-being seem too chaste. They are so simple, so alien. They sometimes have the look of relics, which is what they are: relics of the culture's prelapsarian age. Chardin's popularity owes too much to the nostalgia he summons up; wistful modern people see the social clarity and psychological poise of his work, and they wish. But Chardin's genius does not lie in this idyll. It lies, rather, in his profound morphological impulse, in the passionate record he left of vision's exchanges with the physical world. Like all great painters, he never wandered far from painting's first principles.

"Here is an object to be rendered. In order to paint it, I have to forget all I have seen and even the way these things have been treated by others. I have to place it at such a distance that I no longer see the details." Such were Chardin's calculations as he took up his brushes, according to his friend Cochin. Chardin's technique was devised to keep faith with his own sensations. Perhaps the most revealing feature of that technique is the absence from it of drawing (except for some lackluster charcoal sketches of his youth). This may be attributed in part to Chardin's renunciation of history painting, for which drawing was the accepted preparation; history painting was most exalted in the 18th-century hierarchy of genres, and Chardin felt himself abjectly unqualified for it.



"Jar of Apricots" (1758) by Chardin. Collection, Art Gallery of Ontario.

But there is a deeper reason, which is that the outline is not what comes first as things are seen. This was first acknowledged in the austere little kitchen pictures of the 1730s, whose blunt and rugged strokes sacrifice detail for a more fundamental precision. The artist continued to refine this understanding in the genre scenes of the 1740s and the still lifes of the 1750s. Masses are constituted by the sedulous accumulation of subtly related tones, and by their scumbling. Their definition is the consequence, as is their visual truth.

This truth results from the zeal with which Chardin's style honors the air between the eye and its object. Chardin's compositions receded with the years: he carried his ensembles further into the canvas, and away from the spectator. This opened a decisive and deeper space, and into this new space Chardin cast a lambent light, a half-light, which the space held and diffused and lowered gently onto the waiting objects, which were now divulged. This light is the triumph of Chardin's later work. Or, more correctly, the triumph is this light's friendship for shadow, with which it commingles in these pictures' misty harmonies of color. These remarkable atmospherics were for Chardin a very condition of perception.

Chardin paints not things, then, but the eye's approximations of things; he paints appearances. But not mere appearances. The rewards of Chardin's calm devotion to the visible are the essences of objects and gestures. From the indifferent articles and activities of his own household Chardin could elicit perfection because there are no mere appearances: the perfection of the appearance is the perfection of the thing. It is our primary evidence for what cannot be seen. This epistemological irony is most exquisitely consummated in his final series of still lifes, in the "Basket of Wild Strawberries," "The Brioche," the "Basket of Grapes with Three Lady-Apples, a Pear, and Two Marzipan Biscuits," the "Glass of Water and Coffeepot"—Chardin's great adagios.

The basket of strawberries rises sternly from the stone ledge, a monument to red. It is flanked by a glass of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

water, into which the light tumbles and nearly drowns; motes of red reflect on the glass. Two white carnations repose beneath the wicker basket, and their lithe stems refer to the green with which the serried little fruits above are dappled. A peach and two cherries are a chorus to the right. That is all. The painting is pure, and it is melancholy. Like the others: the plain reed basket of grapes is wholly given over to a kind of pearly sadness. "One uses color, but one paints with feeling," Chardin is reported to have said.

Chardin's late work has a good deal to teach about the communication of feeling in art. The feeling in these plangent paintings does not arrive from without, it is not a plot or program which they have to tell. The feeling is, rather, in the forms. It is an inalienable property of the shapes and tints and spaces themselves. Chardin's emotions are painterly in the way Mozart's are musical. The pellucid nocturnal blue of the grapes does not illustrate sadness; it is sad.

In 1771 Chardin surprised the Salon with portraits in pastels, and he exhibited more such works until his death eight years later. It has been suggested, not altogether plausibly, that Chardin took up still life as a history painter, that the dramatic imagination that belonged to battle scenes he invested in tureens and hanging fish. One could better suggest that he took up portraiture as a genre painter, because his portraits are close-ups of people who have not been detached from the natural field of their lives. The subject of genre painting is not human action, it is human situation. The figures in genre scenes do not pose; they are caught, doing what they usually do, bounded on all sides by the banal. Character is revealed in these banalities, and with a naive sort of completeness. It was with the genre painter's anecdotal conception of character that Chardin sketched his own likeness and his wife's. These individuals remain within their bubble. The failing face of the old man under the eyeshade looks at the spectator but does not see him. And the spectator sees the old man as he is when he is not being painted. Chardin's portraits are intimate and yet remote—which is to say, they are true traces of subjectivity. They anticipate Corot, the greatest modern painter of human interiority. There are not enough of these pastels, which are the most compassionate propositions in Chardin's contemplative vernacular.

By the time this essay appears, the exhibit of Chardin's work at Boston's Museum of Fine Arts will have gone, but it will have left behind its extraordinary catalog, by Pierre Rosenberg, Chardin: 1699-1779 *(The Cleveland Museum of Art in cooperation with Indiana University Press; $35, $22.50 paper).*

The American Image: Photographs from The National Archives, 1860-1960
introduction by Alan Trachtenberg

(Pantheon; $20, $10 paper)

"There is something here to delight, amaze, and inform each of us." Thus James B. Rhoads, archivist of the United States, in his foreword to this stunning selection of some 200 photographs from the National Archive's five million. If you want to be delighted, look at the late-19th-century formal portraits of the incredibly good-looking Idaho Indians, proudly posing as Noble Savages in full regalia. If they've not read *Hiawatha*, the photographer has. If you want to be amazed, study the picture of a 1910 biplane taking off tipsily from the street between the White House and the Executive Office Building, watched by thousands in three-piece black suits and hats. If you want to be informed, linger over the adolescent coal-mine boys posing zombie-like in front of their place of work in South Pittston, Pennsylvania, in 1911. Near the beginning of the book the Washington Monument is being built in the 1870s, and at the end, in 1963, that monument operates as a broadly ironic exclamation point behind Martin Luther King's March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom. Those two moments enclose a vast amount of American actuality, and a

James MacGregor Burns
LEADERSHIP
NOW AVAILABLE IN PAPERBACK

Leadership. The fundamental issue as the presidential campaign heats up. Only James MacGregor Burns could give us this sweeping examination of leadership and its relationship to values, as he analyzes leaders and followers in climactic events of global history. "If understanding the complex nature of leadership turns out to be the first step toward generating it, then Burns will have performed an even more valuable service... he has told us exactly what to look for in our leaders and that is a unique and remarkable achievement in itself." — *Los Angeles Times*

paperback CN 697, $7.95

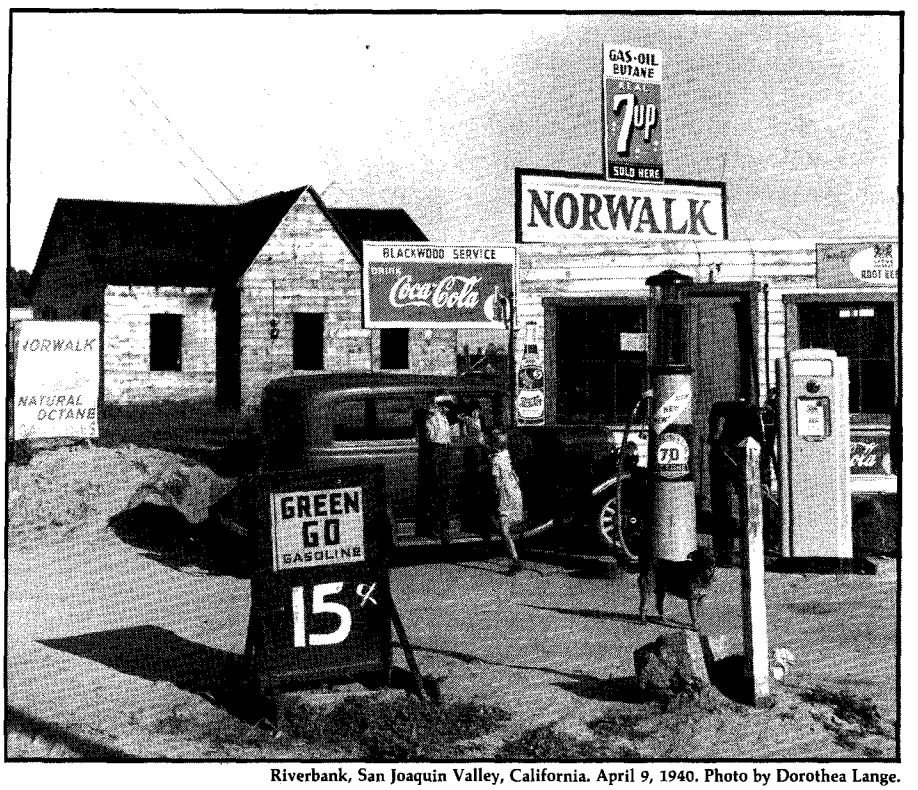
POWER
ITS FORMS, BASES, AND USES
DENNIS H. WRONG

Dennis Wrong offers a penetrating analysis of the elusive concept of power in social theory. He discusses a typology of diverse forms of power — authority, force, manipulation, etc. — then shows how the various forms blend and interact in real life. Exploring the concept of power, he shows how it can be used to examine the central issues of political sociology. In an important final chapter, he deals with power as a goal, and examines the roots in human nature of striving for power as a motive.

Torch Library Edition, $28.50
paperback CN 702, $6.95

Harper & Row
10 E. 53d St., New York 10022
870

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Riverbank, San Joaquin Valley, California. April 9, 1940. Photo by Dorothea Lange.

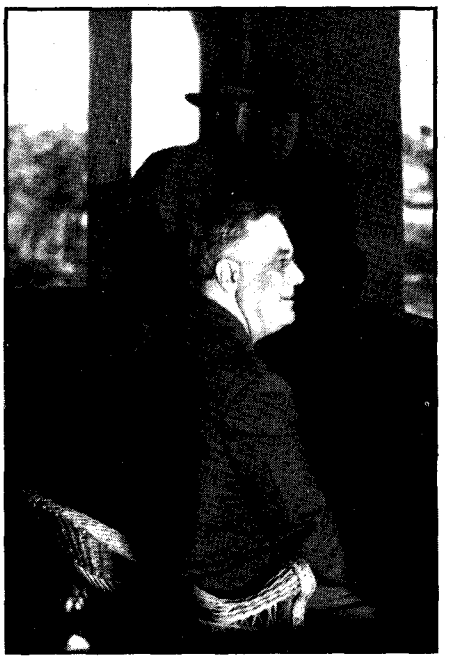
close student of these photographs, "official" though they may be, can infer volumes about the unique texture of life in this country.

For one thing, it is notably *ad hoc* and temporary. Because there's little agreement about what it is and what it ought to look like, the republic never appears visually quite finished. It is being constantly built and rebuilt. In these photographs there is a special emphasis on construction, because the object often is to document governmental works. But still, the place has the general look of an immense mining camp, with hardly a building proposing to last 50 years. The current tearing down and rebuilding of New York and other major cities are entirely in the American grain. The United States is the only country I know where the number of "housing starts" per month constitutes a standard official index of prosperity and even virtue. From the beginning, as these photographs suggest, it's been one of the republic's main functions to provide jobs for the construction industry, and for that reason, nothing must last too long. One photograph shows citizens of Charleston, South Carolina, camping out in a city park after an earthquake in 1886: their tents make the scene look normal rather than outré—they make it look like a town in the West, prepared to fold and move on at any moment. In these photographs litter and lumber and construction equipment are commonly strewn about, and it's hard to distinguish the ruins occasioned by the Civil War and the San Francisco earthquake from buildings haphazardly "going up."

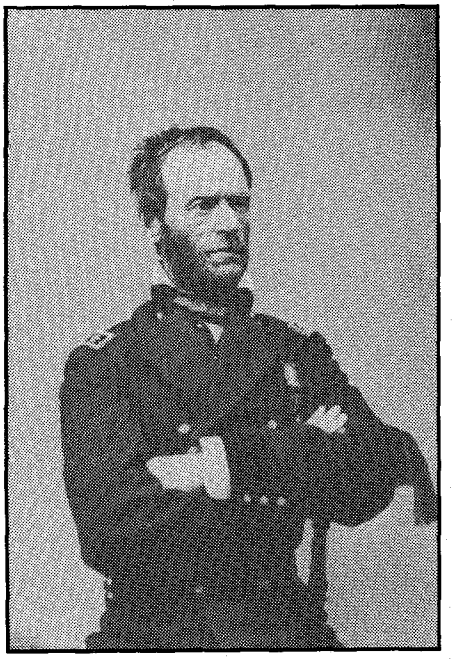
Another thing these images tell us is that in America everyone's selling something all the time, largely by means of signs (cf. the contemporary "Garage Sale"). In 1893, Guthrie, Oklahoma, has a flourishing sign shop although it has virtually nothing else, one shack proclaiming itself the "Hotel Moran," another indicating that "Attorneys" are to be found within. Besides being delightful and instructive in their own right ("Segars Tobacco & Snuff"; "No Goods Sold on Sunday"; "Colored Only. Police Order"; "Jax Ale Beer Stout"; "Buy More Liberty Bonds"), the signs indicate that it has always been part of the American character to play fast and loose with the apostrophe. Thus a sign on a section of an indoor swimming pool in San Francisco, c. 1900: "For Ladies' Only." ("Dad, what's an only?")

The well-known stubborn American resistance to uniformity, the snotty individualism and scorn for rigid discipline, surface repeatedly. A nice example is a formal group portrait by Brady of the Civil War general Martin McMahon attended by his staff. All are captains or field-grade officers but one, who is a lieutenant and clearly much put upon. He is not at all happy about being only a lieutenant in this company, and as if to underline the displeasure on his face, he has insolently opened his jacket eight buttons worth to exhibit his flagrant checked shirt underneath. Screw you all, he is saying, and although only the photographer can see his gesture at the moment, when the picture's ready and shown around, he's going to be in big trouble. Like Huck Finn. The very American message he's transmitting resembles General Sherman's, who although posing for Brady in full uniform, has declined to brush his hair. There's a telling continuity between those images and that of the soldier in the South Pacific in 1943 posing at an anti-aircraft machine-gun while wearing a kimono and holding up a parasol.

In fact, the selection of photographs has been so sensitive and the design (by Robert Aulicino) so subtly unifying that despite the whirligigs of styles (no one smiles in photographs until 1902, and no



FDR and Churchill after Casablanca conference, 1943.



General William Tecumseh Sherman, 1865.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one laughs until around 1937), the often anomalous continuity of American life is what this book argues. We half expect the Walt Whitman of page 58 to move forward, eyes troubled, to comfort the boy soldier on page 163, terribly hurt on Okinawa, smoothing his hair and pressing upon him a little paper bag of sweets and tobacco. The main street of Guthrie, Oklahoma, in 1893, with its alternating drugstores and shoe emporiums, is, except for the horses and the absence of paving, identical with the main street of Welch, West Virginia, in 1946 ("Florsheim Shoes," "Cut-Rate Drugs").

Contemporary critics who think "self-reflexiveness" in works of art or virtu a special property of post-modern expression could profit from at least two photographs here. One is a typical 1940s depression documentary showing a sad pea-pickers' settlement in the San Joaquin Valley—unpainted shacks, tents, beat-up Okie cars and trailers. And adjacent to them an outsized billboard advertising the current film feature at the Princess Theater, *The Grapes of Wrath*. A more striking self-reflexive performance dates from 1918. It is a photograph by some unknown, infinitely patient, and perhaps slightly deranged genius depicting a whole army brigade formed up on a vast field into a Brobdingnagian one-starred service flag, pedantically complete with rod, cords, and tassels. It's not until the realization gradually dawns that each of these thousands of men is represented at home by such an actual individual flag hanging in his mother's window that we fully get it, and then we may gasp with admiration. It's the paradox of the one and the many, and the photograph is a native, unlikely, and bizarre illustration of Coleridge's understanding of "beauty" as the spectacle of multëity in unity.

Since America is "about" abundance and multiplicity and replication and mass-production and numbers, a photographer seems to catch something like its essence when he emphasizes its repetitions and its numerousness. These official photographers are fond of rendering things lined up in rows, especially individual items (as in the service flag picture) not normally found in rows. Thus here the lingering on rows—of plucked chickens, bunches of bananas, plexiglass bomber noses, dead bodies, war wounded, crosses "row on row," Hawaiian cowboys, telephone operators, dynamos, moulds for doll legs. If mass-production is deadly, maybe turning it into artful images will redeem it.

DISCOVERERS, EXPLORERS, SETTLERS

The Diligent Writers of Early America

Wayne Franklin

"Send those on land who will show themselves diligent writers." Such were the instructions to early European explorers of America. Franklin's absorbing book shows how well these diligent writers performed in chronicling the three stages of discovery, exploration, and settlement. Using a broad range of primary source quotations and a fine portfolio of visual material, Franklin makes clear that, in their verbal exploration of America, these writers helped create a new world from old words.

Illustrated. $15.00

A RUSSIAN LOOKS AT AMERICA *The Journey of Aleksandr Borisovich Lakier in 1857*

Translated from the Russian and edited by **Arnold Schrier** and **Joyce Story.** Foreword by **Henry Steele Commager**

A major discovery in the literature of foreign travel, this is the first comprehensive description of America by a Russian, translated into English for the first time. As Henry Steele Commager points out in his foreword, Lakier looked at America from a completely new point of view. To observers such as Tocqueville and Dickens, America was an extension of a world they knew. To Lakier it was a revelation of an open society and his brilliant reporting revealed as much about the repressive milieu from which he came as it did about the people and institutions he encountered.

Illustrated. $15.95

University of Chicago Press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Near the end of the book there's a photograph suggesting the comic-touching anomalies Americans will recognize as uniquely their own. Dwight D. Eisenhower is submitting to having his face palpated by an ecstatic Helen Keller. Both stand in front of a very bad painting of the Kremlin, doubtless an official gift of the Soviet Union. The photograph is odd, alarming, charming, and thoroughly native, as we realize when we compare its values with the dead painting behind. *The American Image* is a splendid book weakened only by an oddly unnewsworthy 25-page essay, "Photographs as Symbolic History," by the usually perky and original Alan Trachtenberg. Here he allows himself to write things like "The problem of interpreting photographs is like the proverbial can of worms," and he gets off nothing new. The book needs no introduction at all. Its images say everything, and I can think of no better Christmas present for the war buff, the photographer, the engineer, the architect, and the young, as well as for the conservative, the liberal, and the radical.

The exhibit, "The American Image," will open at the National Archives in Washington, DC on November 15 and run through next fall.

Paul Fussell

Just Above My Head by James Baldwin

(Dial Press; $12.95)

Coleridge once admonished critics to concentrate on a work's excellences or beauties, adding that he could "discover its faults" for himself. He was of course addressing himself to a leisurely and more or less free mode of criticism and not to the realities of journalistic reviewing. Contrary to public belief, though, most critic-reviewers I know don't enjoy being nay-sayers, preferring to exercise their powers of analysis on the task of pointing out hidden virtues or removing obstacles to understanding. But one does what the job requires. The type of book I most dislike reviewing is one with honorable, perhaps even exalted, intentions which exhibits no virtues but those. When the book is by someone with a reputation the chore becomes still more unpleasant.

With this preamble out of the way, I'll get down to the disagreeable work of reviewing James Baldwin's new novel, his sixth, if my count is right, and, though not his worst, still a melancholy piece of creation. Swollen (655 pages), meandering, awkwardly colloquial, and pretentiously elevated by turns, the book agitatedly contains four or five major themes that never are brought into coherence with one another. Dealing with experiences that clearly have meant a great deal to Baldwin, it is a novel stuck halfway between life and art, with none of the originality or fatefulness of either.

The mélange of themes I mentioned includes family relationships, religious passion and its repudiation, homosexuality, heterosexuality, and the civil rights struggles of the 1960s. Baldwin's narrator, one Hall Montana, is in many respects his alter ego in a damaging sense. This is especially so in the bitter anti-white strain that runs spasmodically and inelegantly through the book (whites "deeply . . . relentlessly . . . despise themselves," and also hate good food, sex, and music), although there is one section, an apologia for homosexuality that seems quite unrelated to the rest of the novel but at least has an eloquence lacking everywhere else, in which Baldwin's taking over for his fictional character seems appropriate.

Montana tells the story of his parents; himself; his brother Arthur, who becomes a noted gospel singer; a child evangelist named Julia, who abandons the church for a career as a model and is for a time Hall's lover; and Jimmy, Julia's brother, who becomes the lover of Arthur. The intricacies of these relationships are worked out against a political background that is never sharply seen but whose remembered atrocities seem to feed Baldwin's diffuse and inexpressive rage: "If I didn't love the people I love, I'd think nothing of blowing the unspeakable mediocrities who rule the American state into eternity."

Montana is "trying to piece together this story . . . attempting to stammer out this tale" and to do this he has "had to strip myself naked." Now such authorial rhetoric as this ought to alert us not to the potential profundity of the book but just the opposite, to some imaginative debility, specifically an inability to absorb one's materials and transform them into fictional existence. And indeed the entire novel feels uncompleted, not in the sense of lacking a narrative conclusion or being without some structural component, but as a matter of process; Baldwin never seems to get past the instigations to the book, its origins in his experience, into its realizations.

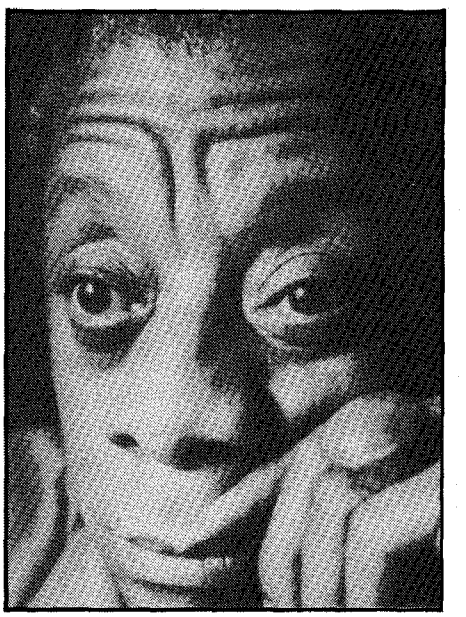


photo of James Baldwin by Max Petrus

The most obvious sign of this failure is the way the novel moves uncertainly from one motif to another. But at a more subtle level it displays itself as an inhibiting of novelistic action: events, things done, things done in the mind. There can be few novels of this length and scope in which there is so much talk, and talk of a peculiarly inert kind. People are forever sitting down to explain themselves to each other, to reminisce, recapitulate, or forecast—all of it, it sometimes seems, as a defense of their right to be in the novel. But just as people are supposed to do in "real" life, they appear to need alcohol to loosen their tongues, since an enormous proportion of the conversation takes place in bars or over a drink at home.

Perhaps it's due to all that liquor, but whatever the reason, their speech alternates between aggressive jive and street talk on the one hand and a literary rhetoric of portentous hyperbole on the other. The latter is especially pronounced when the narrator periodically takes charge: "astonishing," "dreadful,"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"wonderful," "merciless," "mighty," "terrifying"—this vocabulary seems to me to be employed not to describe action but to create it adjectivally, the assumption being that these words' heavy, bludgeoning, yet "poetic" nature will convince the reader that he is reading *important* literature.

I have seen Baldwin's novel described as being about love, but it isn't. It's about a notion of love and, what's worse, a clichéd and sentimental notion at that. Here is Baldwin on the grand passion:

> *No-one knows very much about the life of another. This ignorance becomes vivid, if you love another. Love sets the imagination on fire, and also, eventually, chars the imagination into a harder element: imagination cannot match love, cannot plunge so deep, or range so wide.*

And again:

> *For, without love, pleasure withers quickly, becomes a foul taste on the palate, and pleasure's inventions are soon exhausted. There must be a soul within the body you are holding, a soul which you are striving to meet, a soul which is striving to meet yours.*

This is language neither of experience nor of original literature, but, as I said before, of a mired condition between the two. The truly inarticulate person naturally can't write this way and the truly articulate wouldn't. But if you are a writer and are committed to the kind of fiction that requires you to put your most "passionate" experiences at the forefront of your labors, but lack a language of your own, why you'll borrow it, you'll be, in other words, what is called "literary." Nobody who has a language of his own would write a sentence like "we are all, forever, and every day, part of one another." Or like this: "The cancer of television had not yet attacked every organ of the social body." Or this: "out of the vast and unmapped geography of himself, he sang, for us, our song." Baldwin, who has written some fine essays and one clear early novel, seems more and more to be out of place in the realm of fiction, where more is needed than to have felt and read.

Richard Gilman

Richard Gilman is a former literary editor of *TNR* and the author of *Decadence: The Strange Life of an Epithet* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux).

The Nuclear Question: The United States and Nuclear Weapons 1946-1976 by Michael Mandelbaum

(Cambridge University Press; $14.95)

In the conventional view, the nuclear age is a tragic period in which technology has outrun the capacity of statesmen to cooperate in the face of danger. In the SALT debate, for example, both sides talk about the need to control the arms race, which implies that the very existence of nuclear weapons creates a danger of annihilation which increases as the number of warheads grows.

Michael Mandelbaum, a professor of government at Harvard, questions this view in *The Nuclear Question*, an interesting and intelligent history of the efforts the US has made to grapple with the problem created by the emergence of nuclear weapons. Mandelbaum agrees that atomic bombs were weapons of a revolutionary kind, which posed for the international system profound difficulties of adjustment. But he believes that the adjustment to nuclear weapons has been made by now in a way that is generally successful. The last 35 years have been a period of international tension unusual both in intensity and in duration, but there has been no war between the major powers. Such an extended peace is an historical rarity. When crises have arisen that seem to hold real danger of war, Mandelbaum points out, the United States and the Soviet Union have become very cautious. He concludes that the "prudence" of the superpowers has been in large measure the result of fear of nuclear war. Mandelbaum sums up his

The Twelfth Annual Robert F. Kennedy Journalism Awards for Outstanding Coverage of the Problems of the Disadvantaged

Prizes total $6000; entry receipt deadline Jan. 31, 1980; information, entry blanks; 1035 30th St., NW, Washington, D.C. 20007, 202/337-3414.

1978 Award Winners

Print: Frederic N. Tulsky with Nancy Weaver and Don Hoffman; Jackson Clarion-Ledger; "North Mississippi Justice."

Broadcast: Steven L. McVicker and Jeanne Jones Riedmueller; KPFT Radio, Houston; "The Question of Accountability: A Look at the Houston Police Department."

Honorable Mention: Jean Caldwell; series on Child Abuse; Boston Globe . . . Mike Masterson; "Shelby Barron: Guilty Until Proven Innocent"; Hot Springs Sentinel-Record (Ark.) . . . Brian Ross, Janet Pearce, Joseph Angotti; segment on Migrant Vietnamese Refugees in Kansas City; Columbia Tribune (Mo.) . . . Jodi Enda; series on Home for Mentally Retarded; Daily Illini (Univ. of Ill.).

Awards Committee

Jack Rosenthal, Chairman
New York Times

Paul Duke
PBS

Betty Cole Dukert
NBC News

Ed Guthman
Philadelphia Inquirer

Dorothy Gilliam
Washington Post

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

argument in the compelling image of "fencers on a tightrope"—they limit their lunges at one another for fear of tumbling into the abyss. At the end of the book he states in the clearest terms his divergence from the conventional view:

> *For thirty years the incentive for war was feeble. The history of the nuclear age has not been a tragedy: or rather, it has not been a tragedy of colossal, unprecedented destruction. It has been the continuation, with some modifications, of the history of politics among nations. The world has managed to live with the bomb.*

This understanding of the postwar period seems to me truer than the conventional view that emphasizes the ever-growing danger of the nuclear arms race.

Mandelbaum emphasizes that the world has not "managed to live with the bomb" without effort. It was necessary to work on two fronts, diplomacy and strategy. The kind of diplomacy required is that embodied in the US-Soviet agreements since the 1963 partial test ban treaty: "traditional diplomacy." The aims of these agreements have been limited, and they have accepted national sovereignty and national interest as a basis for negotiation. In order to conclude these agreements, it was necessary to overcome an alternate tradition that Mandelbaum calls "liberal diplomacy." Earlier attempts at arms control such as the 1946 Baruch plan tried to attack the problem at its very root, remodeling the international system and limiting national sovereignty. All such attempts failed, and Mandelbaum argues convincingly that they were bound to fail.

The development of a military strategy that was necessary to live with the bomb needs to be sketched in slightly more detail, since it is not an even progress for Mandelbaum. The crucial development was the formulation by thinkers such as Wohlstetter, Kaufmann, and Brodie of how nuclear forces must be structured to achieve deterrence: they must have the ability to carry out a devastating retaliatory strike on the other side after being attacked first. If, therefore, strategic forces are to deter, they must not be vulnerable; they should be protected by concrete or by the depths of the ocean. Where Mandelbaum disagrees with some of the strategists who developed these ideas is in arguing that deterrence is the *only* goal that should determine strategy and the choice of weapons, and in believing that

LANGAIG

We are what we hear. A well known singer died
yesterday in Spain. Thirty-five years ago
I got fired for sneaking off to hear him. I sobbed
"sorry" at the foreman, fired days later himself.
I cast blue nylon high over water turned black
by peat and light diminished by heavy Highland low sky.
I heard music and lost my job. I've not worked hard since
on anything but words, though I fish all waters
devoted and hum old songs when I fish alone.

I hum "My Heart is Taking Lessons," a song
the dead singer sang. I hum "I Had the Words and You
in My Heart." I remember him singing that.
I hum flat and off key, but that's hardly my fault,
the lack of gift, of training. In this lake (read 'loch'
to be local) trout run black as the water though Scots
like us call them 'browns', the old Scots, 'Loch Leven!'
I hum "Makes No Difference Now," the best recording
the dead singer made and he left lots of good records.

To relax, to slide with, ride the forces of whatever
sweeps us along, jokes well timed, phrasing under control—
that was my ideal. I didn't come close in real life.
A soft impulse was proof I was weak. I laughed
at any weak joke, still do, and believed our purpose
to lighten the day, to be tougher than fate.
In reaction to that, I believed we should give in to pathos.
Today I believe: fish hard and hum every tune
I remember hearing the dead singer sing

and leave believing in being like him to others.
Does that make us brothers? Let's be. My bobber
jitters and I know it isn't just wind. I set my line
too soon and lose the black brown. The eagle yells
from the Quirang, "Go easy. Give him time to take it."
I hum "White Christmas," though I never liked it.
Snow on mainland mountains across the minch (if you're
American read 'strait') remind me I'm fishing
late in the season. I may be breaking Scot law.

Christ, what rain and no real Jesus in it.
No real king. No friend. What lover first inserted a tongue
in a lover's ear? And where? It must have been pre-
Peloponesian war. It must have been pre-all
language and hunger, and located song prior to lyrics.
Fishing preceded song. We know that from instinct,
not records. I've fished this loch often before
and alone with my ghosts felt free to sing.
I've got a brown on. My line is writing a song.

I'm fishing. I'm singing. My heart is not exactly
giving lessons though I've been lucky enough in rare
moments to take heart in some words, and to have
a job teaching others to sing, to locate by game
some word like 'brown' in black water, to cast
hard for that word, then wait a long time to set.
Now the reeling in, the fight, the black trout lovely
on heather, the dead singer in songs
we recover, and hum when alone, and hum wrong.

Richard Hugo

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

deterrence can be achieved simply by the threat of a massive nuclear attack on the other side's civilians.

Mandelbaum is thus not interested in "damage limiting"—the attempt to diminish the killing in nuclear war if it should break out. This aim was attractive to the Kennedy administration in the early 1960s, and remains attractive to the Soviets. Nor is Mandelbaum attracted to the somewhat different aim that continues to draw many strategic thinkers: to prevent any armed conflict from reaching the level of apocalyptic "spasm war." The hope was to create a number of opportunities to pause between border incidents (like those between China and Russia) and total nuclear war—conventional war, nuclear war waged with "tactical" weapons, or strategic attacks limited to the other side's military targets only ("counter-force"). In these ways the final unlimited catastrophe might just possibly be deterred even in the midst of war.

In fact the strategic thinkers who advocated these alternatives had only very limited hopes that nuclear war could be restrained in practice. The greater hope has been that the development of limited options might strengthen deterrence of any kind of war. If a people is told that it will face extermination for engaging in any quarrel, quarrels are likely to be deterred. But if it becomes clear that the other side can only impose this sanction by committing suicide, the probable outcomes become highly confused and indeterminate. Strategic thinkers were haunted by the fear that some kinds of quarrels would not be deterred because the only available penalty—mutual extermination—was too extreme to be "credible," but that these limited quarrels could then escalate to mutual extermination through the lack of any intermediate points to pause. (This concern about the credibility of deterrence has just been restated by Henry Kissinger.) Mandelbaum has no use for the limited and damage-limiting solutions spurred by these concerns (limited nuclear war, "flexible response," civil defense, ABM) primarily because he believes the fears they address are unnecessary.

For the overall message of *The Nuclear Question* is that deterrence works, has worked over 30 years, and can be expected to work in the future. The massive retaliation strategy of the Eisenhower administration, which Kennedy's administration questioned, turns out to have been essentially the right strategy for the nuclear age.

This bold thesis is supported by two pillars: an understanding of postwar history and an understanding of technology. The high point of Mandelbaum's reasoning from history, and the most intriguing part of the book, is his interpretation of the Cuban missile crisis.

> *In sum, the violation that set the missile crisis in motion was not a mortal threat to the security, or even, by the standards of postwar international politics, to the power and prestige of the United States. It was precisely the sort of challenge that the American nuclear arsenal could not deter, according to the Kennedy deterrence doctrine.*

Yet an American nuclear threat did deter the Soviet initiative. Moreover, the Kennedy administration's deterrence theory presumed that "in a confrontation between the two great powers each would raise the level of force gradually, cautiously, and in controlled fashion," but in the actual crisis both sides displayed an overwhelming fear that any fighting at all would lead quickly to the "nuclear abyss."

Mandelbaum's interpretation of the Cuban missile crisis is thought-provoking, but open to serious objections. It does not do justice to the intense fears the crisis generated to regard them simply as a lead-in to the prudent result, rather than as an awareness of a possibly disastrous outcome. What finally happened was conditioned by factors that are not likely to repeat themselves—the tense mood of the time, the enormous American superiorty both in strategic forces and in conventional forces on the spot, the particular leaders who figured in the crisis. It might appear from the debate within the US government that if Acheson or McGeorge Bundy had been president the United States would have begun by bombing the Soviet missiles in Cuba. But most of all we owe the avoidance of war to the personality of N. S. Khrushchev, who chose a cautious course even though it involved a striking humiliation to the USSR and to him personally.

On technology Mandelbaum approves the view that

> *. . . the cycle of changes in strategy that the first atomic bomb had set in motion had* come to an end *with the establishment of the permanent superiority of the offensive striking*

The Decline of Bismarck's European Order

Franco-Russian Relations, 1875-1890

GEORGE F. KENNAN

The eminent diplomat and writer George Kennan looks to the Franco-Russian Alliance of 1894 as a major component of the outbreak of World War I. Focusing on a small sector of offstage events as far back as the 1870s, he analyzes the "delirious euphoria" erupting in the streets at the start of the war in 1914 as the European people "wandered blindly into *the* great seminal catastrophe of this century." With remarkable style, Mr. Kennan illuminates the personal and psychological background of policy decisions made by the various governments involved and considers the ways in which the human spirit causes statesmen to err when judging the effects of their official actions.
Illus. $25.00

At bookstores or from

Princeton University Press

Princeton, New Jersey 08540

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

power of nuclear weapons against any conceivable *defense, and that* no subsequent discovery *or innovation would override each great power's capacity to wreak unprecedented destruction on the other . . .* [*emphasis mine*].

The proponents of the 1963 Test Ban Treaty were right in doubting "that any revolution in strategy comparable to those triggered by the harnessing of atomic energy and the advent of intercontinental ballistic missiles was likely in the future."

The thesis that there has been in essentials a "plateau of technological refinement" since the early 1960s is important to Mandelbaum's argument; otherwise unexpected technological developments might threaten deterrence and it might be necessary to devise new strategy to deal with such developments. It is a strength of Mandelbaum's argument that he recognizes the possibility of technological plateaux. Conventional wisdom is wrong in regarding technology in specific areas as constantly accelerating. In heavy armor plate, for example, there were four fundamental technological revolutions between 1876 and 1894 and no comparable ones since. But Mandelbaum's view that there has been a technological plateau since the early 1960s, and that it can be expected to endure, needs further substantiation. It is easier for him to maintain this view because he pays more attention to the "big" weapons developments—nuclear weapons, missiles, and their numbers—than he does to such factors as hardening, safety devices, command and control, MIRV, and accuracy. This procedure runs the risk of seeing military technology in isolation from its military purpose. ICBMs existed in 1961 as they exist today, but their effects and their possible uses are utterly different. It was impossible for ICBMs to destroy hardened missile silos in 1961; it is easy for them to do so today. The main cause of this is the revolution in accuracy which has reduced inaccuracies 20-fold from the first ICBMs to the present ones. The other great revolution has been MIRV. Having 10 warheads for every silo obviously weakens deterrence by making it easier to carry out a successful first strike—and by making it harder to survive one.

The strategic lessons we should draw from these revolutions are controversial, but they bring into question the assertion that we are on a technological plateau. Future technological developments may have a far greater effect on the effort to deter war. Any thesis that excludes unexpected technological developments requires a detailed argument. The 1893 issue of Lord Brassey's *Naval Annual*, reporting the views of Hiram Maxim on marine boilers, ends with this derisive sentence: "It should not be forgotten that Mr. Maxim believes in the possibility of a flying machine." Ten years later the airplane was invented.

If we have in fact learned "to live with the bomb," it would seem wise not to assume that this *modus vivendi* will continue indefinitely. At least we should not assume that our coexistence with the bomb can go on without our most active efforts to maintain it. Mr. Mandelbaum's book, which avoids the obscure and often brutal jargon of the national security field, is admirably designed for an audience of citizens as well as defense specialists. It is thus ironic that its likely effect on policy will be to mute public discussion of the nuclear question. About the innovations now being debated—MX, Pershing II, the cruise missile, Schlesinger's counterforce strategy—Mandelbaum seems to give a double verdict. On the one hand these measures are not needed, since deterrence can be expected to work anyway. On the other hand they don't really hurt, so that one winds up thinking less about their possible effects on the stability of deterrence. Robert McNamara's belief that he had arrived at a strategic and technological plateau may have caused his failure to notice the destabilizing effects of MIRV when he so easily approved it. Mandelbaum's analysis of the nuclear question is provocative, but one wonders whether it does justice to the fragility of our present solution. Whether the nuclear beast is gnawing through its fetters or momentarily sleeping, a constant struggle to throw new ropes over it seems prudent.

Charles H. Fairbanks Jr.

Charles H. Fairbanks Jr. teaches political science at Yale and is finishing a book for the Twentieth Century Fund on arms control.

In Broken Country
by David Wagoner

(Little, Brown—An Atlantic Monthly Press Book; $8.95, $5.95 paper)

Here is the first stanza of "For a Woman Who Dreamed All the Horses were Dying," one of 63 new poems in David Wagoner's 10th poetry collection, *In Broken Country*:

You saw them falling in fields beyond barbed wire,
Their forelegs buckling, the horses kneeling
In the dead grass, then falling awkwardly
On their flanks to finish breathing
Where stems give way to roots under the earth
That will let no hoofprints last for a whole season,
Their eyes still staring, but sightless now, their withers
Still, their long tails still.

Good writing! I admire the stanza's one long elegant sentence; I enjoy the last lines as they mimic lamentation by means of repetition and line-break. But after a second stanza which emphasizes the emptiness of "distances" and "open plain. . . ," the poem ends:

And they were dead then, all of them everywhere,
You told me, dead and never to return.
Love, I offer my own brief dream: together
We wait in an unfenced field, and slowly
Shying along the hillside, the small wild horses
Come walking toward us, their unshod hooves
Tentative on the ground. Warily they stretch
To muzzle our trembling hands.

I am let down: so what? The horses die, the place is empty: predictably, "I offer my own brief dream. . . ." What is this "brief dream" in service of? What does it represent in thought or feeling? I fear it represents nothing at all except a way to end a poem. The poem has taken us on a pleasurable journey through attractive scenery, and when the journey has ended we realize that we have gone nowhere, discovered nothing, retained only the light pleasure of remembered landscape.

If I describe the poem correctly, I may

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

seem to call it worthless; but I am not at all certain that it is worthless. Writing poems over a lifetime, most poets must aggregate years of work at the desk. In those years of diligence, how much time has been spent in the making of new metaphor or the discovery of the final poem? Even for Wallace Stevens or Robert Frost or Robert Lowell, I suppose that a long lifetime may have yielded something like one hour and 37 minutes of true *invention*—where the dazzled eye watched the inspirited hand in amazement. The rest was, well, just good writing (along with some writing we might as well forget). Reading David Wagoner, I note much good writing, and I am grateful for it. Later in this volume, we find a whole, short poem which embodies in its fantasy something like the third stanza of the poem just quoted:

The Orchard of the Dreaming Pigs

As rosy as sunsets over their cloudy hocks, the pigs come flying
Evening by evening to light in the fruit trees,
Their trotters firm on the bent boughs, their wings
All folding down for the dark as they eat and drowse,
Their snouts snuffling a comfortable music.

At dawn, as easily as the light, they lift
Their still blessed souse and chitlings through the warming air,
Not wedging their way like geese, but straggling
And curling in the sunrise, rising, then soaring downward
To the bloody sties, their breath turned sweet as apples.

These airborne pigs do not merely answer a formal need, as the envisioned horses do; and if they embody or express a human desire to fly, coupled with a sense of the absurdity of that dream, I do not think that the discovery compares with Columbus's. Yet these lines make a small artifact, not expressive of anything profound, as delightful to touch and to hold as a particular carved stone. It is not, I think, the dazzled eye and the inspirited hand; it is a lucky moment of making.

What I most often need and want as a reader is this lucky moment. If there are hours when we are capable of reading genius, when we need it and are adequate to it, there are also hours when we take pleasure and instruction from lesser work. Although we may love someone very much, a state of continual orgasm would be intolerable. In between the moments of highest intensity, we read the paper, we play bridge, we walk, we eat grapes, we talk together. . . .

Much of the discussion of poetry, over the last 20 or 25 years, has assumed that only intensity is tolerable. This opinion has a number of unfortunate corollaries: if poetry is only moments of the greatest intensity, it follows that poetry cannot argue a point (we will allow prose to do the arguing) or tell a long story (we will allow prose to tell long stories) or be conversational or amusing like witty speech (we will leave that to prose). Fifteen or 20 years ago, it followed that poetry could embody only extreme states of emotion—and then the poets killed themselves.

By such standards, David Wagoner is no poet. I suggest we chuck the standards instead of chucking David Wagoner. His poems are actually readable. For more than a century, we have learned to scorn the readable poem; if it tastes good it must be bad for you. Victorian Americans and Britons actually read Whittier, Tennyson, Longfellow, Browning and even Whitman, poets who wrote in bulk and at length and with varying intensity. Apparently these readers were interested not only

New Books from MIT

STUDIES IN AMERICAN POLITICS AND PUBLIC POLICY

Regulatory Bureaucracy:
The Federal Trade Commission and Antitrust Policy
by Robert A. Katzmann
The debate over whether the FTC does too much or too little raises the fundamental question of how the FTC determines its caseload—a question which is explored at length in this book.
December, $17.50

The State and Human Services:
Organizational Change in a Political Context
by Laurence E. Lynn, Jr.
This study of the reorganization of human services in six states—Florida, Georgia, Washington, Arizona, Pennsylvania, and Minnesota—covers issues of central concern to anyone who is involved in public policy and human services administration.
Available in April 1980

The Collapse of Welfare Reform:
Political Institutions, Policy, and the Poor in Canada and the United States
by Christopher Leman
"A superb study of comparative policy-making in an area of public spending fraught with failure and frustration."—J. Stefan Dupré, Professor of Political Science, University of Toronto and William Lyon Mackenzie King Visiting Professor of Canadian Studies, Harvard University.
Available in April 1980

The MIT Press
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Cambridge, Massachusetts
02142

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"SALMAGUNDI has established an indispensable position in American intellectual life."
—Christopher Lasch, 1975

Salmagundi

#46, Fall 1979, 200 pages featuring

CHRISTOPHER LASCH
& The Culture Of Narcissism

. . . .

three critiques
& a lengthy "Reply" by Lasch

1980: 15th Anniversary Year

GEORGE STEINER	Failure In The New World
V.S. NAIPAUL	Writing About Writers
ERICH HELLER	The Abuses of Literary Theory
RICHARD POIRIER	Culture Now
MICHAEL HOLROYD	History Vs. Biography
CHRISTOPHER LASCH	Lewis Mumford In Perspective
LEON WIESELTIER	Holocaust Fictions
KARL MILLER	The Sense of Endings
LARRY NACHMAN	Crime & The Need To Punish
EDWARD SAID	Imperial Fictions

other articles by Gerald Graff, Alan Trachtenberg, Perceval Goodman, Paul Goldberger, Eugene Goodheart, Stanley Kauffmann, Ronald Paulson, Rudolf Arnheim, Mark Shechner, etc.

**SPECIAL 15th ANNIVERSARY-YEAR OFFER:

subscribe for two years (8 issues) at regular rate of $10.00
& receive two additional 1979 issues free.
That's $10.-for 10 issues with a combined bookstore price of $35.
Enclose check with name & address & mail to:

SALMAGUNDI/N R/Skidmore College
Saratoga Springs, NY 12866

in phrases or stanzas which could serve as touchstones, but in books to read for continuing pleasure. It is seldom noticed or attended to that William Carlos Williams is eminently readable, as are Robert Creeley and Denise Levertov, Gary Synder and Philip Whalen.

William Stafford is another poet who comes to mind as I read Wagoner's often prosy and ruminative poems; both write poems "of the second intensity," which is the level on which we live much of our lives. Wagoner also reminds me of a voice which is common in England, the tone of David Wright or John Heath-Stubbs, which talks in measure and metaphor about anything at all, to make a shape of irony, wit, and pleasure—like good conversation determined to be honest and to please.

Our critical standards must learn to tolerate this tone. If we become irritated at what seems complacency—thinking in contrast of Sylvia Plath or Robert Lowell—and wish to shout that this tone of voice has "never in its life lost itself," we might remember poets as varied as Richard Wilbur and Marianne Moore, Ben Jonson and Robert Herrick. There is perhaps a fine tradition which asserts that poetry is precisely a way of not losing yourself.

Reading the readable, I indeed find moments of formal pleasure mild enough to suggest disappointment. However, in the work of a good poet, there are other moments too, approaching the hour and 37 minutes of a lifetime's genius. In his title poem, "Walking in Broken Country," Wagoner transcends his normal competence:

Long after the blossoming of mile-wide, fire-breathing roses
In this garden of dead gods when Apache tears
Burst out of lava
And after the crosshatched lightning and streambeds cracking
Their sideslips through mid-rock, after burnishing wind,
Your feet are small surprises:
Lurching down clumps of cinders, unpredictably slipshod,
And gaining your footholds by the sheerest guesswork,
You make yourself at home
By crouching, by holding still and squinting to puzzle out
How to weave through all this rubble to where you're going
Without a disaster:
One dislocation, one green-stick fracture, and all your bones
May fall apart out of sympathy forever.
In this broken country

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The shortest distance between two points doesn't exist.
Here, straight lines are an abstraction, an ideal
Not even to be hoped for
(As a crow flies, sometimes) except on the briefest of terms:
Half a step on legs, after which you slump,
Swivel, or stagger.
You cling to surfaces feebly in a maze without a ceiling,
A whole clutch of directions to choose among
From giddy to earthbound,
Where backtracking from dead-ends is an end in itself.
Through this clear air, your eyes put two and two
Together, take them apart,
And put them together again and again in baffling pieces,
Seeing the matter of all your sensible facts
Jumbled to the horizon.

Here everything that is best about David Wagoner falls into place at once.

Donald Hall

Donald Hall is author of *Kicking the Leaves* (Harper & Row).

Brain Surgeon
by Lawrence Shainberg

(Lippincott; $10.95)

The Brain: The Last Frontier
by Richard M. Restak, M.D.

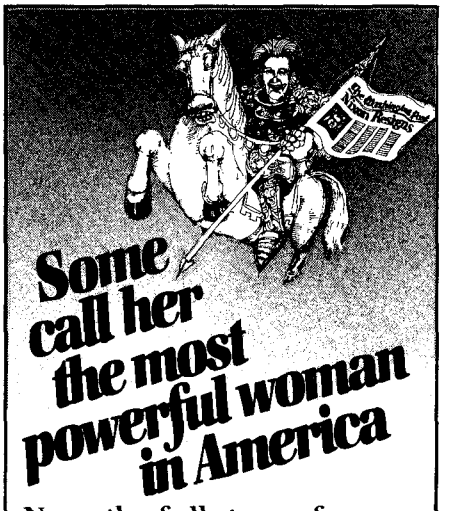
(Doubleday; $12)

Lawrence Shainberg's *Brain Surgeon* is a superbly written account of the four months he spent in the wards and the operating rooms with the pseudonymous James Brockman, chairman of neurosurgery at a prestigious, East Coast teaching hospital. One meets, in brief but vivid sketches, about a dozen patients—a boy, a nun, a writer—stricken by a variety of neurological catastrophies: tumors, an aneurysm, encephalitis. By the end of the book about half are dead or severely impaired. Shainberg presents with remarkable economy their varied pre- and postoperative psychological responses to personal catastrophe. Also explored are the characters of Brockman and his younger colleagues, their behavior toward patients and families, their conduct in the OR, and their talk in the locker room before and following surgery. The climax is a detailed and carefully wrought description of the removal of Charlie White's meningioma. The book is rich in technical detail which, with minor exceptions, is accurate in both letter and spirit.

The book is more ambitious than that, however, for to bind the sketches together Shainberg creates a fugue between his own intellectual passion to articulate "the precise relationships between consciousness and flesh," and Brockman's obsession with the mechanical, the concrete. Shainberg's concern, on the one hand, is the endless chain of causality between mind and brain. Brockman's concerns, on the other hand, are more like those of a quarterback. When Brockman finishes an operation, he rarely leaves the operating room "without at least a quarter of an erection. . . . It's all totally primitive. . . . You're dealing with danger, blood, power, conquering the man or woman on the table. No wonder wives of patients fall in love with surgeons. Aren't we the male who conquers her male?"

I had anticipated that a tension would develop between men with such different preoccupations, and that its resolution would be illuminating. But tension does not develop. Shainberg is too strongly attracted to the surgeons, too envious of them for that. What he envies is their aggressiveness and potency. He presents uncritically the heroic picture the surgeons paint of themselves: "We almost have to be egomaniacs. Our margins of error are so small and the pressure so great that we'll collapse if we don't have absolute confidence in ourselves. That's why we don't leave any room for doubt."

Such lines are familiar from television. If one wants to learn the truth, however, one has to raise some questions. What does it mean, for example, to say that the "margins of error are small"? In tumor surgery, which forms a major part of Brockman's practice, the primary tool is a small vacuum cleaner which sucks tumor tissue out of the brain. It is a bloody affair; Charlie White's operation left a pool half an inch deep on the floor. Since normal brain tissue and tumor can be distinguished only with difficulty, where to stop sucking is a matter of judgment. The more brain one leaves, the more tumor is likely to remain—and grow back. It is so unclear in many cases whether the operation serves the patient that Shainberg consoles himself that at least the tissue taken is used fruitfully in research. In the course of surgery, brain that is obviously normal may be accidentally lost to the sucker. This does not worry the surgeons, who regard only a few areas, such as the motor and language areas, as really important. When a piece of Charlie White's brain was lost up the sucker, Brockman remarked, "There go the music lessons." Thus, it is not clear whether to operate at all, nor which tissue should be removed, nor how much, nor what the consequences will



Now, the full story of Katharine Graham and her media empire — including new information on Watergate secrets.

KATHARINE THE GREAT

Katharine Graham and *The Washington Post*

by Deborah Davis

Illustrated, $10.00

HBJ HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVICH

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be of leaving tumor or removing brain. Since no clear expectations can be established before surgery, there is no way to tell whether they have been met. The truth is not that the margin for error is small, but rather that the margin remains undefined.

In this context what can "absolute confidence" mean? When a female medical student asks Brockman whether the operation in progress might cause the patient to lose binocular vision, Brockman replies, "Oh, baby, you just flunked neuroanatomy. All that stuff's in the brainstem." Absolutely confident—and absolutely wrong. In my experience a mark of true confidence is the capacity to separate from one's own ego, to acknowledge doubt and work effectively in its presence. Egomania and rigidity, on the other hand, often reflect fear. Had Shainberg considered this, he might have inquired about its source. It could hardly be fear of losing a patient, since in the catastrophic nature of the practice so many are lost anyway. Could the fear arise from the quite natural though hidden doubts neurosurgeons must have about their effectiveness?

At times Brockman is tactless and cruel with patients and families. Following surgery on a young boy, for example, he describes the tumor to the parents in graphic detail. "The tumor was gelatinous, like Jell-O, you know? Tapioca. I took it out with little copper spoons." At this remark the mother almost collapsed. Shainberg, recognizing the cruelty, nevertheless excuses it on the grounds, first, that it didn't seem to matter to the families, and second, that it was not true insensitivity. Brockman, says Shainberg, "knew he would do better by a brain if he could minimize its connections to a mind." My concern here is not Brockman's behavior, but Shainberg's. What prevented him from pressing Brockman on this issue, from not acting more vigorously to discover the source of such cruelty? In avoiding every opportunity to go "one on one" with Brockman, Shainberg relegates himself to the status of a fan, and his book to the status of a romance.

Richard Restak's *The Brain: The Last Frontier* reports for a popular audience on a wide range of topics in fundamental brain research, psychology, and biological psychiatry. Many of the topics are standard pop-psych fare: a critique of Skinner, the differences between our right and left hemispheres, and the story of "endorphin," the brain's natural opiate. Other topics less frequently described in the press also are included. It is reported, for example, that drugs will soon be available to retard the aging process within nerve cells and that "psychiatric diagnoses can now be formulated with 90 percent accuracy through the electronic measurement of brain responses."

Restak's book, in contrast to Shainberg's, is without literary merit and has been produced without care. As a substitute for lucid argument, the reader is told how "best" to consider each matter: "The brain is best conceived as a process rather than a three pound lump of protoplasm." "Cultural evolution is best thought of as a dynamic process. . . ." "Our conception of reality is best explained as an act of construction based on statistical probabilities." Topics are bathed in a syrup of extravagant statements. Thus, a minor neurophysiological observation is said to correspond in importance to Einstein's theory of relativity. All the distinctive subfields in brain research—neurophysiology, neurochemistry, neuroanatomy—are blended into a mix that Restak calls "psychobiology." More than half a dozen first names of the great and the obscure alike are misspelled. The book would not merit further comment if it were not destined to receive attention elsewhere because of the author's reputation as a commentator on the brain for such prestigious publications as the *New York Times* and the *Saturday Review*.

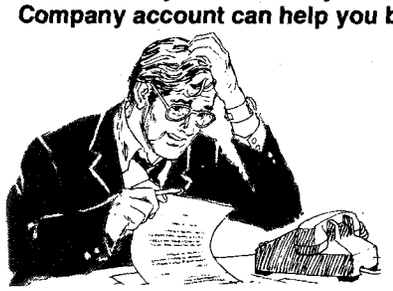
Restak egregiously violates the cannons of responsible scientific writing by characterizing decisively parts of the brain whose actual roles are unknown. The motor cortex is said to be the outlet channel for "willed action." Yet when this area is removed in experimental animals, willed actions continue unabated and lack only normal speed and delicacy. To say that the motor cortex "can be thought of as a computer" is pure mystification. Restak states flatly that in the hippocampus "psychobiologists have isolated that portion of the brain that responds to novelty." Nonsense. Neurons all over the brain respond to novelty.

With a perverse deftness, Restak skims over the solidly established work in brain research, and expands on all the fluff. He reports, for example, on the claim made a decade ago that kittens permitted to see only vertical or only horizontal stripes can detect as adults only the vertical or horizontal features of the environment. Based on such "findings," a case was hastily made that you see as an adult only what your neurons were permitted to see as a child. A decade later, after controlled experiments, very little remains of the original claims, but Restak seems unaware of this. Similarly, a decade ago DiCara and Miller claimed to have demonstrated in rats paralyzed by curare that the brain can vary the body's visceral processes, such as the rate of urine formation. These experiments

Sick about inflation?

Why continue to be a victim?

Let us show you how a fully managed United States Investment Company account can help you beat inflation through prudent commodity investments.



You can benefit from price movements in gold, silver, sugar, coffee, wheat, and cattle. Find out how today — before it's too late.

Telephone Toll-free: (800) 225-3944

UNITED STATES INVESTMENT COMPANY
Limited

Three Lakeside Office Park,
Wakefield, MA 01880
Call toll-free (800) 225-3944
In Mass. call (617) 245-3403

Please send me full information on your managed commodity investment plan. NEW1117

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Home Phone: _____ Bus. Phone: _____

We are unable to process requests without phone numbers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

received immense publicity—but no one, not even DiCara or Miller, could repeat them. There was a scandal, following which DiCara, his career in ruins, committed suicide. Restak reports these discredited experiments as though they were true.

It is on topics with social relevance that Restak's betrayal of the scientific approach is most grievous. A naive reader might conclude from his account that the human brain contains special "centers" for violence and pleasure that have been "mapped" by the depth electrodes of a "flamboyant but indefatigable" scientist named Heath. Such a reader might be also inclined to swallow Restak's offhand speculation that sadomasochism is "a kind of short-circuiting phenomenon between the brain's pleasure and violence pathways." This would seem consistent with his report on the work of Maclean, who claims that at the physical core of the human brain lies the brain of a reptile. Such human behaviors as "ritualism, awe for authority, social pecking orders, even obsessive-compulsive neurosis" "may be partially caused by our reptilian brains." Believing all this, could the reader doubt Restak's report that psychiatric diagnosis can now be performed by computer analysis of brain waves? These are not run-of-the-mill diagnoses, mind you, but those such as "psychopathy" and "schizoid personality" requiring the most subtle distinctions, the ones on which psychiatrists cannot agree. The prospect, according to Restak, is that computer diagnosis will facilitate "intensive in-hospital 'treatments' for psychopathy *prior to its clinical* expression."

These reports have a single thrust, that violence and insanity arise as technical malfunctions, "short circuits" in the brain. Psychobiology, it is suggested, will deal with these mechanical difficulties in a progressively more mechanical way, exploiting rapidly each new technical discovery. This reasoning is strictly from the other side of the looking glass. There are no identified violence or pleasure centers in the brain. These are only concepts derived from experiments performed 35 years ago which no longer withstand close scrutiny. Furthermore, were such centers to exist, Heath could not have mapped them. For Heath to learn where in the depths of the brain his electrodes actually were would require that he kill his patients, and not even as "unorthodox" a man as Heath would be up for that.

The core of the human brain is not reptilian, but *human*. Just as both lizards and humans have feet, they also have corresponding or "homologous" parts in their brains. There is no more reason to consider the core of our brain as primitive than there is to consider our feet as primitive. If we cannot accept responsibility for our lust and rage but must blame them on animals, we are lost.

Electronic diagnosis of psychiatric disorder resembles nothing so much as phrenology, the 19th-century science in which mental faculties were assessed from bumps on the skull. The "waves" on which such electronic diagnoses depend do not come directly from the brain, but are generated by a computer analysis of the original waves. At present there is not even agreement on the true existence of certain of the computer-generated waves. Such waves have not been identified with any specific brain structure, nor with a specific pathology, nor with specific thoughts or behaviors. It is claimed only that they correlate reliably with specific diagnoses. Yet the reason for using them in the first place is that psychiatrists cannot reliably differentiate between "early schizophrenia" and "schizoid personality" and cannot agree on what constitutes "psychopathy." How then can the claimed correlations be established?

Electronic diagnosis, though ludicrous, is not benign. What could be more damaging to a confused or frightened patient than to treat him as though his intellect and affect are meaningless and irrelevant to his doctor? What better way to push a patient struggling against paranoia over the edge than to plug him to a computer that reads his thoughts? As more reliance is placed on such phony diagnosis, psychiatrists will become less attentive to a patient's behavior and less confident that they can make any sense of it. This cycle will erode the actual competence of psychiatrists, as the routine use of psychotropic drugs has already done.

The recent advances in brain research are extraordinary. We are learning that the numbers of pathways and interconnections within the brain are a thousand times more complicated than we anticipated 10 years ago. How to comprehend such complexity, we do not yet know. It is clear, however, that our technological metaphors for describing the brain are useless. They neither convey the richness of what we know is contained within the brain nor help us

"In the last twenty years Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie has been one of the most—if not the most—original, versatile, and imaginative historians in the world." The New York Review of Books

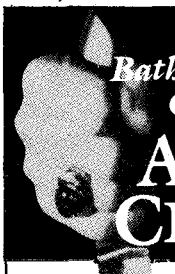
From the author of *Montaillou*, a stirring account of small-town life in 16th-century France and the Mardi Gras that ended in massacre.

CARNIVAL IN ROMANS

LE ROY LADURIE

George Braziller, Inc.

Yes, a Christie for Christmas...



The Bedside, Bathtub & Armchair Companion to

AGATHA CHRISTIE

$9.95 paper, $17.95 cloth, at your bookstore or order directly from:

Edited by Dick Riley and Pam McAllister

Introduction by Julian Symons

A celebration of Christie: original essays, witty plot summaries, puzzles, graphics, and much more.

FREDERICK UNGAR PUBLISHING CO.
250 Park Avenue So., New York 10003

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading subsidy book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34th St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to think clearly about it. Ironically, it is now the falsity, not the truth, of our metaphors that is most clarifying. It is fundamental to recognize, for example, that the brain is *not* like a digital computer whose elements are either on or off. Virtually all the important processes in the brain are "analog," that is, they vary continuously. We may learn much by exploring the differences between reality and our metaphors, but nothing by relying on the metaphors themselves.

We are, as Restak says, on a frontier, and this presents a choice. Our ancestors on their frontier exploited each new discovery—rivers, forests, oil—without any comprehension of the continent as a whole. It is already clear that no piece of the brain can be comprehended on its own terms but only in relation to the other parts and processes. If each new discovery about the brain is viewed mainly for its potential for manipulation—to produce new drugs, treatments, diagnoses—then we shall end up with our brains in the same mess as our environment. The prospects for other than a rapacious advance across this modern frontier are not, so far, encouraging. We might have a chance, though, if reporters on the frontier would tell the truth to the folks back home.

Peter Sterling

Peter Sterling does brain research at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine.

Give

THE NEW REPUBLIC

for Christmas!

Coming:

John Canaday on the Season's Art Books.

Brief Review

Five for Sorrow, Ten for Joy by Rumer Godden

(Viking; $9.95)

For Rumer Godden, freedom flows from submission to authority, and true identity is the product of the willful erasure of ego. These precepts, which underlie all her works, place her among the most conservative of contemporary authors. But hers is a deeply romantic conservatism. In her novels, sacrifice is painted as not only necessary but ennobling; yielding oneself up to others and to God invariably affords her characters a profound and otherwise unattainable joy.

Five for Sorrow, Ten for Joy represents the triumph of this peculiar vision. The novel's title refers to the beads of the Catholic rosary, which slide through the story as a symbol of the mixed nature of its heroine Lise's life. Having plumbed the depths of the Parisian demimonde as a prostitute, madam, and finally a murderess, Lise finds fulfillment as one of the Dominican Sisters of Bethanie, an order of nuns dedicated to redeeming women like her from French prisons.

Godden has written about nuns before, most fully in *In This House of Brede*. Indeed, nuns, with their lives devoted to the beauty of sacrifice (and the sacrifice of beauty), are her natural subject. Even in her overtly non-religious novels, women, especially, discover their duty and identity through renunciation. But for Godden's nuns, renunciation is only a starting point, a way station on the path to spiritual ecstasy.

In the introduction to one of her short stories, Godden said about religious monastics: "Theirs seems to me to be a love story that transcends all ordinary love stories." This romantic premise inspired *In This House of Brede*, which asked us (with limited success) to believe that an upwardly mobile career woman, once married and much loved, would suddenly embrace the chillingly ordered life of a contemplative. In her latest novel, Godden takes care of the problem of credibility, in part, by emphasizing the contrast between the debauched meaninglessness of street life and the tranquil discipline of the convent, with its pageantry of prayer and feast days. She is aided by the fact that, unlike the Benedictines of Brede, the Sisters of Bethanie do more than pray; they work in prisons, saving lives as well as souls. Even an atheist and a liberal can appreciate that.

It is true that Godden's view of both convent and brothel life remains romanticized. Lise herself is the proverbial whore with the heart of gold, murdering not for gain or from lust but out of a special sort of love. Still, her spiritual suffering seems real enough. And so, too, thanks to the power of Godden's poetic prose, does her subsequent happiness, along with its fragility.

Godden has gained a reputation as a consummate craftswoman. Here again she combines a characteristic simplicity of language and muted tone with great narrative complexity. In breaking down the barrier between dialogue and exposition in the long, flowing sentences that have become her trademark, she has always aimed at conveying the seamlessness of past, present, and future. In *Five for Sorrow, Ten for Joy* her use of interpenetrating time levels—flashbacks and flashforwards interweaving in a spiraling narrative which never loses its coherence—has reached a peak of mastery.

Somehow we are able to track simultaneously Lise's tragic descent to prison, her discovery of her calling, and her development as a nun (in Godden's metaphor, her growth from grub to butterfly). Beyond this, Godden has given us the parallel stories of Vivi and Lucette, two needy young women whose lives intersect Lise's, their own paths converging at last as murderess and victim. Counterpointed against the novel's vision of the unity of time, they stand as contrasting examples of the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

power of choice to effect redemption.

Finally, the entire novel is cast in the form of a moral lesson, an allegory told to the reader through the stand-in character of Father Marc. Marc is an activist priest who, in the book's opening pages, snobbishly chafes at what he views as an exile to one of the houses of Bethanie. In the course of this exquisitely told story—as witness to the spiritual beauty he finds there—he, with the rest of us, learns better.

Julia M. Klein

Julia M. Klein is a copy editor at the *Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Correspondence, *from page 7*

sabbatical leave from Williams College, I conferred with federalists in London, Paris, Strasbourg, Frankfurt, and Bonn. The result was an article, "The Council of Europe" in the *American Political Science Review* (September 1951), and a book, *The Commonwealth of Man: An Inquiry into Power Politics and World Government*, published by Knopf in 1952, by Robert Hale of London in 1954, and reprinted by Greenwood Press of Westport, Connecticut, in 1977.

The dream of the Parliament of Man and the vision of a United States of Europe are still far from realization. We nevertheless made a modest contribution toward the goal. Some day it will prove acceptable, as was almost the case between the end of World War II and the beginning of the cold war. Such may be the case again in the wake of detente if we are to prevent World War III. For this is the only viable alternative to bellicose nationalism, rightly judged by Arnold J. Toynbee to be "a false and maleficent religion." *Per aspera ad astra.*

Frederick L. Schuman
Portland, Oregon

Garbage

To the editors:

Just read (for the first time) your magazine, *TNR*.

Total garbage—what a waste!

M. C. Nims
Franklin Lakes, New Jersey

The editors welcome correspondence from TNR's readers. Letters intended for publication should include the correspondent's full name, address, and telephone number, should be typed double-spaced, and held to under 200 words. Longer letters may be abridged due to lack of space.

The New Republic Classified

THE NEW REPUBLIC CLASSIFIED IS A WEEKLY FEATURE. Ads are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates: one time ad $1/word, six ads per year $.95/word, 12 ads per year $.90/word, 24 times per year $.85/word, 48 times per year $.80/word. Telephone numbers count as 2 words. P.O. numbers and abbreviations count as one word. Zone numbers and zip codes are not counted. Additional $4.50 for TNR box numbers. Classified display ads are $30/inch. Bold headline, signature and inset available. Complete rate card upon request. Send your check/money order with your copy, or give us your Visa/MasterCharge # and we'll charge it to your account. Copy must be received 19 days prior to the Saturday issue date. Phone orders accepted with MasterCharge/Visa only. Send copy or call collect: Carol Weinman, The New Republic Magazine, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, DC 20036. (202) 331-7494.

Personals

HOW TO CHOOSE YOUR PEOPLE - Learn who to trust, to hire or fire, to love or to leave. Send $16.50 for two 1 hour cassettes, illustrated material and custom binder. Westshore, Inc., Dept. NR, 655 Redwood Highway, Mill Valley CA 94941.

BACK IN CIRCULATION?
Newsletter for intelligent singles makes it easier. Details: Box 504-NR Mendocino, CA 95460.

DATES GALORE! Meet singles-anywhere. Call DATELINE, toll-free (800) 451-3245.

GAY? Meet intelligent, interesting people. Quick-Confidential-Legitimate. Call now. Steve (212) 232-5500. Nationwide.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS get the cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania 19081. Established 1970.

JAPANESE GIRLS make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental Beauty. $2 brings photos, descriptions, application. Japan International, Box 156-NR, Carnelian Bay, CA 95711.

Literary Services

HAVE CAMERA WILL TRAVEL! What photograhs do you need? I'll obtain them. W.A.S. Productions, 3118 Wheat St., Columbia SC 29205. (803) 256-8887.

WANTED: Young carpenter seeks patron for literary-research work on Spiritualist healing. Help me continue healing! TNR Box # 9315.

STILL LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free search service. Please write Peter Sperling Books, Box 300 Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.

WRITERS: "PROBLEM" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022.

TRY OUR INTRODUCTORY "3 for 2" offer - response nearly triples with multiple insertions. TNR Classifieds work!

SCHOLARLY, LITERARY, TECHNICAL, O.P. TITLES are our specialty. Current Catalog—$2.00; Free searches. J. HOOD, BOOKSELLER, 1401 Massachusetts, Lawrence, KS 66044.

Literature

This Christmas give *Mountain Review*, a quarterly literary magazine from Appalachia. Says author and historian Harry Caudill: In the last fifteen years a dozen or more publications have sprung up in Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia and West Virginia. All of them have aimed at arousing regional pride and instilling a general comprehension of the region's vast resources and their potential for financing regional development. They have sought to explore the paradox of a rich land and a poor people. All these publications have been laudable. I think the *Mountain Review* has been and remains the best." Rates are $7.50/yr. Supporters $25/yr. Write: *Mountain Review*, a part of Appalshop, Box 743-NR, Whitesburg, Kentucky 41858.

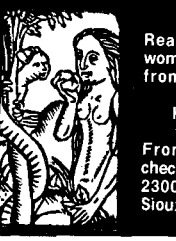
PHOTOJOURNALISM AT ITS BEST! White House News Photographer's Association 1979 Annual Awards Book featuring prize-winning news photos. 112 pages. A collector's item. Only $4 WHNPA, 2812 Adams Mill Rd., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619.

"a pure delight"....Jody Taylor

"Not suitable for the TODAY SHOW" Tom Brokaw

"Women's Lib began with—" EVE and the others



By Edith Thomas
Realistic stories of eight women of renown. Translated from the FRENCH, by Estelle Eirinberg.
Hardcover $6.95, PPD.
Softcover $3.50, PPD.
From booksellers, or mail check to: Continental Editions 2300 Indian Hills Drive, Sioux City, Iowa 51104.
In Iowa add 3% sales tax.

NATIVE AMERICAN MAGIC, MEDICINE AND MYTHOLOGY. A JAIME DE ANGULO READER from the author of "Indian Tales" containing de Angulo's two "Indian" novels, his selected poems, and the classic "Indians in Overalls." "Jaime de Angulo is the American Ovid" - Ezra Pound. TURTLE ISLAND FOUNDATION, 2845 Buena Vista Way, Berkeley, CA 94708. $8.95 Clip and send; deduct 10% discount.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHY COMPETITION? Staff of company must cooperate. Details of this and other booklets. *School of New Economics Box 2 Tangent. Alberta* TOH 2X0.

THE GOLDEN EGG—Taxpayer's Mutiny . . . How to Stop Inflation Now . . . Spiritual Renaissance of Business . . . The Last Days of Big Government . . . and more. By Dr. Christopher Hills, 384 pages. Send only $11.45 to University of the Trees Press, P.O. Box 644NR, Boulder Creek, CA 95006. Free book catalog on request.

Recipes

CHOCOLATE FREAKS—Recipes include Chocolate Black Bottoms, One Pan Crazy Cake and more. Send $2.50 to Box 4288-A, Takoma Park, Maryland 20012.

Et Cetera

PERSONAL LETTER FROM SANTA, a child's treasure. Arriving at Christmas. Send $1.00 R.E.E.C. 15 Pictun, Randolph, MA 02368.

BRAND NEW! The Only Game of its Kind: MANDALA

20" Board, 33 cards & 244

BRILLIANTLY COLORFUL... A STRATEGIC GAME OF LIFE CHOICES & RISK!

WITH A NO-RISK GUARANTEE! YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU RETURN WITHIN 30 DAYS.

"It's Fantastic!" - Anna Bergman, 12, student, Seattle
"I'm Intrigued by it." - Jim Baker, 36, Musician/Writer

ORDER NOW FOR CHRISTMAS

SEND 9.95 ea. CHK., VISA or MASTERCHG. No. to: SingerArt, 2703 Boyer E. Seattle WA 98102

Foreign Studies

RUSSIAN ON YOUR OWN a self taught course designed to give the student the ability of active use of Russian. For details write: N. Kuprijanow, 138 Crescent Street, Northampton, MA 01060.

LEARN SPOKEN SPANISH in Cuernavaca Language School. Five hours a day. Not more than four students per teacher. This unique program will enable you to speak correctly and fluently in your professional activities. Details: Apdo. 480 Cuernavaca, Mexico.

Resumes

ULTRA-CREATIVE RESUME LETTERS. Attention-getters. Booklet $3.95. Rafenstein Publishing, Box 26081-NR, Wauwatosa, WI 53226.

Buttons/ Bumperstickers

KENNEDY BUTTONS, bumperstickers-$1.00 each. Box 762, 681 Ellis, San Francisco, CA 94109.

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS. Low cost, custom made advertising for your Business Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure, Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR, 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

"DUMP CARTER" Bumperstickers, $1.00, Sunpeople, 1405 Locust Street, Suite 1111, *Philadelphia, PA 19102.*

Music

CHAMBER MUSIC FURNITURE

Hardwood stands, benches, and accessories. Traditional Elegant Designs.

Early Music Stands

Free Catalog

Drawer 2400, Box 277, Palo Alto, CA 94302

Records

Traditional and contemporary Appalachian mountain music from June Appal Recordings. Ballads, hymns, labor songs, bluegrass, gospel, swing, *hammer dulcimer and Irish folk music are* all featured. June Appal is a part of Appalshop, Inc., a non-profit media and arts cooperative. Write us for a free catalog. June Appal Recordings, Box 743-NR, Whitesburg, Kentucky 41858.

T-Shirts

T-SHIRT CHRISTMAS! NRA Blue Eagle; *Roosevelt-Truman Poster Reproduction;* Happy Landings, Amelia Earhart; Jimmy Rogers Tribute. Each $8.50. (Sweatshirts, $12.00). State size, color. Textrails, 402 Riley, Austin 78746.

Wanted

Old Baseball Cards. Contact: Earhart, 3660 Cartwright, Pasadena, CA 91107.

THE GREAT ESCAPES

ATTN: World Travelers

At last! A monthly publication for the frequent globetrotter. Latest news on customs, currency, laws, air fares, charters. Columns on cruises, sports, lodging, tours, shopping, health, solo travel, dining, wines, art, photography and much more. Observations by our readers exchanging the good and the bad. We "tell it like it is." One-year subscription only $5.95. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. **International Travel News**, 2120 28th St., #283, Sacramento, CA 95818.

Property Sale/Rent

Panoramic Mountain views, 2½ rooms. Apartment less than 2 hours from NYC, ½ mile Taconic Pkwy., 45 acres, lake, $220 a month. Mr. Klose (518) 851-3951.

Modernized 4-br Federal home, 21 acres, stocked pond, barn. $52,000. Rothra, Hannum Road, Mayville, NY 14757.

INTRODUCE YOUR AD TO A QUARTER MILLION READERS FOR JUST $1 A WORD!

Vacation/Travel

PUERTO RICO. Luquillo Beach House. 3 bedrooms, for rent weekly. Edward Pinney, Box 460, Gracie Station, New York, New York 10028.

*SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER. Pay for 2 ads—get # 3 FREE!.

Telephone numbers count as 2 words. P.O. numbers and abbreviations count as one word. Zone numbers and zip codes are not counted. Additional $4.50 for TNR Box #'s. (complete rate info on preceding pg.)

Send your check/money order with your copy, or give us your Visa/MasterCharge # and we'll charge it to your account. Copy must be received 19 days prior to the Saturday issue date. Phone orders accepted with Visa/MasterCharge only. Send Copy or *call collect:* Carol Weinman, The New Republic Magazine, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, DC. 20036. (202) 331-7494.

My ad reads:

_____

_____

_____

_____

_____

THE NEW REPUBLIC MAGAZINE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When I was young, my mother fed me culture as eagerly as she fed me food, and with identical confidence in its good results. The beginning of my career as a concert-goer just about coincides with the beginning of Leonard Bernstein's career as a conductor. That is now 30 or 35 years ago. Bernstein was an exemplar, a model: inspiration to a young musician, of course, and also to an aspiring surgeon or academic or journalist. He has had the imagination for—and fortune of—the most meaningful occasions, rites of passage in the history of our time: composing and directing his *Mass* for John F. Kennedy; conducting Beethoven's *Eroica* in a natural amphitheater facing the Judean hills only days after the reunion of Jerusalem; performing, once again an act of witness, Haydn's *Mass in Time of War* at the National Cathedral as a protest against the Vietnam war, while another conductor was performing the *1812 Overture* across town at the official concert for Richard Nixon's second inaugural. Two weeks ago Bernstein brought the Vienna State Opera's production of Beethoven's *Fidelio* to Washington. The composer's only opera, it abides by every operatic convention and uses every operatic device. Its plot is quite trite, turning on a woman being disguised as a man and therefore unrecognizable to the imprisoned hero, her husband. All of this notwithstanding, it is a radiant and rousing drama, Beethoven's achievement, but for our time most aptly Bernstein's vehicle. And why? Because it is an opera about devotion to humane values and resistance to tyranny. Because it is a hymn to freedom. Karl Bohm and Herbert von Karajan also have led the Vienna company in *Fidelio*. But it couldn't be their opera. How could they, who consoled the Nazis with the strains of Brahms and Bach and Beethoven, play with authentic feeling the choral finale to *Fidelio*? Its words:

Hail to the day, hail to the hour
So long awaited and so long denied,
When justice with mercy
Has unlocked the gates of death!

Fania Fenelon also played Beethoven for the Nazis. She was a member of the women's orchestra at Birkenau, a component of the Auschwitz death factory where perhaps one and a half million Jews were murdered. Fenelon was, as she put it in her heartrending memoir, *Playing for Time* (Atheneum). Vanessa Redgrave will portray Fenelon on the CBS TV film version of this Jewish woman's distinctly Jewish experience with torment and hope. Because Redgrave is fiercely hostile to Zionism, various Jewish organizations have tried to have her dropped from the role. Redgrave says she's not anti-Jewish, just anti-Zionist. Less and less do I see the difference. Jews happen to think that they're a nation and have national rights. Being anti-Zionist is telling the Jews that they're not a nation and have no national rights. To me, that's being anti-Jewish. More compelling perhaps should be the feelings of Fania Fenelon, who says it's not art that's being portrayed, but her life; and that Redgrave, given her feelings about Jews, could not play the role honestly. Honesty doesn't really count for much in the film business. But shouldn't it at least count a little about a matter in which dishonesty helped condemn so many millions to die? When I was in Israel in October, I met one of Fenelon's surviving colleagues from the Birkenau orchestra. She also was agitated at the notion of Redgrave as Jewish heroine. "One of the hopes that kept us alive," she told me, "was the hope of Zion." Could Redgrave feel that sustaining hope of the women she is meant to evoke? Of course not. So she will play the role not approximating their emotions but purveying her own. It will be a lie, just like the other big lies she puts out about the Jews, not from anything she has seen or knows, but on the basis of some rough and ready Trotskyism—a smug and strident star, dazzled by the status of celebrities in the capitalist system she abhors into thinking that what she says is important.

Dumbarton Oaks is one of those estates only old wealth could have built. Old wealth probably couldn't maintain it these days, which may be one reason that its owner prophetically willed it to Harvard University. The grand mansion, with its magnificent gardens, situated in Washington's Georgetown area, has served as the setting for various important world conferences. The place is ideal for discussing how to solve the world's pressing problems—ideal, that is, if you want to solve them according to pure reason, unimpeded by harsh facts or ugly realities. Last month Mrs. Bliss's house hosted an international energy seminar. The first among the unequals there was Sheikh Yamani, who lectured on petro-abstinence. He was not the only Saudi in attendance. A friend from abroad who attended said that the appearance of the Saudi ambassador to the US provoked a most disgusting display of fawning. "He who has not seen a State Department functionary at the side of the emissary from Riyadh has not seen obsequiousness." Well, the old wealth can't maintain Dumbarton Oaks. Maybe the day will come when even Harvard, $1.5 billion rich, won't be able to either. But the Saudis, who rake in about a billion and a half every week—or is it every two weeks?—can. On entering the great hall, gazing up at the high ceilings, looking down the long corridors, taking in the elegant carvings, one of the Saudi excellencies asked: "Who owns this? Is it for sale? How much?"

As this is written the lunatic regime of the Ayatollah Khomeini still holds 60-odd Americans and about 30 others hostage in our Tehran embassy. For a while it was thought that the Palestine Liberation Organization could serve as intermediary, which it was eager to do in order, as one of its spokesmen put it, "to show the human face of the Palestinian revolution." Whatever credit Yasser Arafat may have with the latter-day Moslem Torquemada comes from the realization that the two are brothers under the skin. Have you noticed on TV the banners outside the besieged embassy showing Khomeini and Arafat together? Khomeini's most faithful mullah refers to himself, according to the *New York Times*, as "the Eichmann of Islam." James Reston went back to the Boxer rebellion in tracing the erosion of diplomatic privilege. But the modern patent on embassy seizures and attacks is held by the PLO. In 1973, the PLO attacked the Saudi Arabian embassy in Khartoum. Two Americans, including the US ambassador, Cleo Noel, and a Belgian were killed. This was done on orders from today's would-be rescuer, Arafat himself. In 1976 a PLO unit ambushed and killed the US ambassador to Lebanon, Francis Meloy. In Turkey this past summer, one arm of the PLO seized the Egyptian embassy while another arm maneuvered for its release. The PLO has routinely employed similar tactics even with its ideological brothers, having shot up an OPEC gathering and waged war on and in the Iraqi embassy in Paris. This is not an exhaustive account. Many in Khomeini's elite cadres were trained by the PLO.

M.P.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IF YOU DON'T JUDGE A BOOK BY ITS COVER, WHY PAY FOR THE COVER?

It makes more sense to join the book club that offers great works of fiction and nonfiction at a savings of up to 65% over bookstore prices. Yet QPB softcover editions are full-size books with readable type, as durably bound as their hardcover counterparts. Join QPB and you'll be able to own more of the books you want to read.

578. Einstein's Universe Nigel Calder. Hardcover: $10 **QPB Ed: $5.50**

574. Completely Cheese: The Cheeselover's Companion. Anita May Pearl, Constance Cuttle and Barbara B. Deskins. Edited by David Kolatch. Hardcover: $16.95 **QPB: $6.95**

151. The Lord Of The Rings J.R.R. Tolkien. (3 Vols., Boxed) Hardcover: $32.95 **QPB: $9.95**

248. The Politics Of Energy Barry Commoner. Hardcover: $10 **QPB: $4.95**

564. Solar Houses: 48 Energy-Saving Designs. Louis Gropp Hardcover: $15.95 **QPB: $6.95**

New Releases

396. The 80s: A Look Back at the Tumultuous Decade 1980-1989. Edited by Tony Hendra, Christopher Cerf, and Peter Elbling. Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB: $5.95**

434. Urshurak. The Brothers Hildebrandt and Jerry Nichols **QPB: $6.95**

263. The Complete Directory To Prime Time Network TV Shows 1946—Present. Tim Brooks and Earle Marsh. **QPB: $8.50**

316. BBC TV Shakespeare Set *Henry VIII, Romeo and Juliet, Richard II, As You Like It, Julius Caesar, Measure for Measure.* (6 Vols.) **QPB: $15.95**

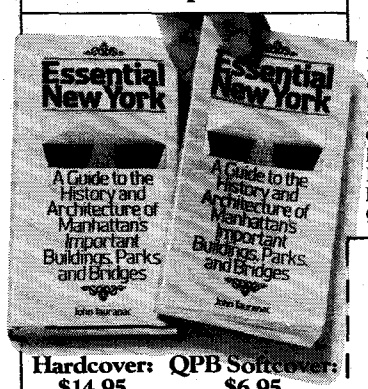
330. The Poetry Of Robert Frost Edited by Edward Connery Lathem Hardcover: $12.95 **QPB: $6.95**

343. Skiing The Best. Miles Jaffe and Dennis Krieger. **QPB: $4.95**

376. A History Of Christianity Paul Johnson. Hardcover: $13.95 **QPB: $7.50**

392. A History Of Films John L. Fell. **QPB: $9.95**

Compare


Essential New York
A Guide to the History and Architecture of Manhattan's Important Buildings, Parks and Bridges
Essential New York
A Guide to the History and Architecture of Manhattan's Important Buildings, Parks and Bridges

Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB Softcover: $6.95**

542. Essential New York A Guide to the History and Architecture of Manhattan's Important Buildings, Parks, and Bridges. John Tauranac Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB: $6.95**

556. Fantastic Worlds: Myths, Tales, and Stories. Edited and with Commentaries by Eric S. Rabkin Hardcover: $15.95 **QPB: $4.95**

558. Getting Organized: The Easy Way to Put Your Life in Order Stephanie Winston. Hardcover: $10.95 **QPB: $3.95**

566. Desperadoes. A novel by Ron Hansen. Hardcover: $8.95 **QPB Ed: $4.95**

575. Mulligan Stew. A Novel by Gilbert Sorrentino. Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB: $5.95**

577. The People's Chronology: A Year-by-Year Record of Human Events from Prehistory to the Present. James Trager. Hardcover: $27.95 **QPB Ed: $14.95**

530. The Lives Of A Cell and **The Medusa And The Snail** Lewis Thomas. Hardcover: $17.90 **QPB Ed: $7.95** (2 Vols., Boxed)

533. Play It As It Lays and **Slouching Towards Bethlehem.** Joan Didion. (2 Vols.) Hardcover: $13.90 **QPB: $5.95**

540. Tutankhamun: The Untold Story. Thomas Hoving. Hardcover: $12.95 **QPB Ed: $6.95**

Let's try each other for 6 months.

Quality Paperback Book Club, Inc., Middletown, Pa. 17057.
Please enroll me in QPB and send the 3 choices I've listed below. Bill me $3, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me *QPB Review* (if my account is in good standing) for 6 months. If I have not bought and paid for at least 1 book in every six-month period, you may cancel my membership. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment. QB127-11

Indicate by number the 3 books or sets you want [ ] [ ] [ ]

Name_____ 9-16
(Please print clearly)

Address_____ Apt._____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

How membership works.
1. You receive **QPB Review** 15 times each year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a *new* Main Selection, plus scores of Alternates. All Main Selections with established publisher's list prices are offered at at least 20% discount off that list price.
2. If you want the **Main Selection** do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternate books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed and return it by the date specified.
3. **Bonus books for Bonus Points.** For each book or set you take (except the first 3 you get for $1 each), you earn Bonus Points which entitle you to choose any of the books we offer; you pay only shipping and handling charges.
4. **Return privilege.** If *QPB Review* is delayed and you receive the Main Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense.
5. **Cancellations.** You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy and pay for at least one book in every six-month period.

Join now. Pick any 3 books or sets for $1 each—with no obligation to buy another book.

567. How Things Work In Your Home (and what to do when they don't). By The Editors of Time-Life Books. Hardcover: $17.95 **QPB: $6.95**

568. The Dancing Wu Li Masters An Overview of the New Physics. Gary Zukav. Hardcover: $12.95 **QPB: $4.95**

569. The Art In Cartooning Seventy-five Years of American Magazine Cartoons. Edited by Edwin Fisher, Mort Gerberg and Ron Wolin for The Cartoonists Guild **QPB: $7.50**

570. Three: An Unfinished Woman—Pentimento—Scoundrel Time (One Vol.) Lillian Hellman. With new commentaries by the author Introduction by Richard Poirier Hardcover: $16.95 **QPB: $7.95**

571. The Basic Book Of Photography, Revised Edition. Tom Grimm. Photographs by Tom and Michele Grimm. Drawings by Ezelda Garcia. **QPB: $6.50**

573. The Directory Of Natural & Health Foods. Tom Riker and Richard Roberts. Hardcover: $17.95 **QPB: $7.50**

QPB **The first book club for smart people who aren't rich.**

BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE
NOV 20 1979
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED